SWAPPED AGE,
SAME LOVE



=A TINTIN AND HADDOCK AGE SWAP ZINE=


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Contents

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INTERVIEW QUESTIONS:



- HOW DID YOU BECOME A FAN OF TINTIN?

I HAD SEEN THE MOVIE "TINTIN THE SECRET OF THE UNICORN" (2011) TWO YEARS AGO, AND SINCE THEN I'VE BEEN INTO TINTIN AND DRAWING HIM AND OTHER CHARACTERS FROM THIS COMIC.

- WHO ARE YOUR FAVOURITE CHARACTERS FROM THE SERIES?

ALL OF THEM! ESPECIALLY HADDOCK, CHESTER, CALCULUS AND RASTAPOPOULOS!

- WHAT IS ONE OF THE MOST MEMORABLE MOMENTS IN THE SERIES FOR YOU?

DESTINATION & EXPLORERS ON THE MOON, AND TIBET! THE CASES AND CHARACTERS EXPLORATION WERE INCREDIBLE!

- WHAT MADE YOU SHIP HADDOTIN?

THEY SPEND MANY ADVENTURES AND TIME TOGETHER, AND THEIR DIALOGUES REMIND SOMETIMES AS LIKE THEY'RE MARRIED. AND I LOVE THAT!

- WHAT DO YOU LIKE ABOUT THE CONCEPT OF AGESWAP?

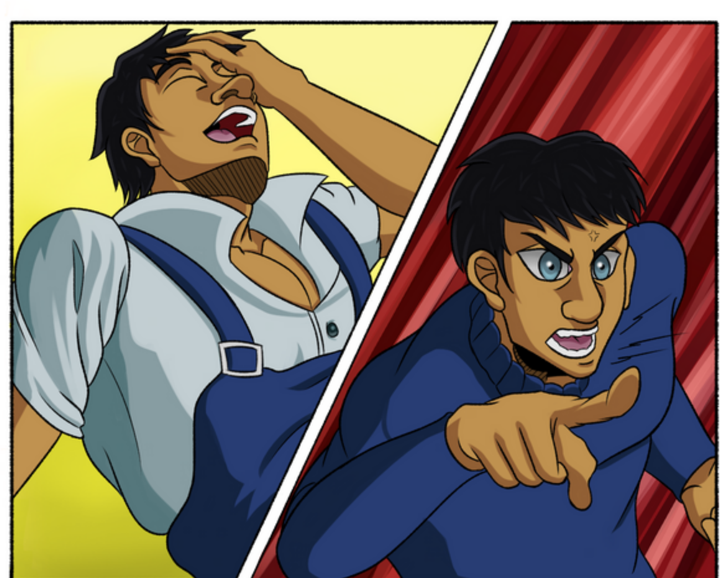
THAT THEY CHANGE AGES WITH EACH OTHER (TINTIN OLD AND HADDOCK YOUNG) AND IT'S NICE TO SEE THEIR AGE DIFFERENCES AND AT THE SAME TIME THEY STAY SAME (IT DEPENDS ON HOW EVERYONE SEES THEM, BUT THAT'S HOW I SEE THEM)!

- IS THERE SOMETHING YOU WOULD LIKE TO SAY ABOUT YOUR WORK FOR THIS ZINE TO THE READERS?

I HOPE THEY LIKE OUR WORK FOR THIS ZINE AND ENJOY IT AS MUCH AS WE'VE ENJOYED IT! THANK YOU ALL!



PRIVATE MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
Established in 1850 by
DR. J. C. YOUNG,
WASHINGTON STREET,
BELOW MONTGOMERY.
TO THE AFFLICTED
[From the Tuolumne Courier.]
Ruder?
AGESWAP AU







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INTERVIEW QUESTIONS:

- HOW DID YOU BECOME A FAN OF TINTIN?

I WATCHED "THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN" BY PETER JACKSON BACK IN 2011 AND BECAME A HUGE FAN SINCE THEN.

- WHO ARE YOUR FAVOURITE CHARACTERS FROM THE SERIES?



MY FAVOURITE CHARACTERS ARE DR. MULLER AND CAPTAIN HADDOCK.

- WHAT IS ONE OF THE MOST MEMORABLE MOMENTS IN THE SERIES FOR YOU?

"BILLIONS OF BILIOUS BLUE BLISTERING BARNACLES!" XD

- WHAT MADE YOU SHIP HADDOTIN?

I DON'T REALLY SHIP THEM AS MUCH, BUT I'M DEFINITELY IN LOVE WITH THE CHEMISTRY BETWEEN THEM.

- WHAT DO YOU LIKE ABOUT THE CONCEPT OF AGESWAP?

IT BRINGS A LOT OF INTERESTING AND FUN IDEAS AND MAKES YOU REALLY THINK OF WHAT ACTUALLY WOULD HAPPEN IF BOTH CHARACTERS HAD BEEN THIS WAY RIGHT FROM THE BEGINNING IN THE CANON STORIES. SO MANY INTERESTING POSSIBILITIES!

- IS THERE SOMETHING YOU WOULD LIKE TO SAY ABOUT YOUR WORK FOR THIS ZINE TO THE READERS?

I LOVE THE IDEA OF TINTIN, SHERLOCK AND BLACKSAD IN SOME SORT OF WAY BEING SIMILAR TO EACH OTHER AND MAKING A LITTLE CROSSOVER BETWEEN THE UNIVERSES TO SET TINTIN AND HADDOCK IN THE DETECTIVE SETTING.



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INTERVIEW QUESTIONS:

- HOW DID YOU BECOME A FAN OF TINTIN?

MY FRIENDS WERE DISCUSSING IT ON A DISCORD CHANNEL *COUGH DIMDIAMOND COUGH COUGH* AND I BECAME TOO INTRIGUED NOT TO LOOK UP THE EPISODES ON YOUTUBE. I BECAME COMPLETELY ENAMORED.

- WHO ARE YOUR FAVOURITE CHARACTERS FROM THE SERIES?

OTHER THAN THE MAIN CAST, I REALLY LIKE SKUT. THE POOR GUY JUST SEEMS TO BE ATTRACTED TO BAD LUCK. XD

- WHAT IS ONE OF THE MOST MEMORABLE MOMENTS IN THE SERIES FOR YOU?

THE SCENE IN TIBET WHERE HADDOCK WAS ABOUT TO CUT THE TETHER LINE AND TINTIN IS SCREAMING FOR HIM NOT TO. I REMEMBER THAT BEING THE MOMENT WHERE I WAS LIKE 'AH! YES, THERE'S THE HADDOTIN'.

- WHAT MADE YOU SHIP HADDOTIN?

SEE ABOVE. :)

- WHAT DO YOU LIKE ABOUT THE CONCEPT OF AGESWAP?

I THOUGHT THIS WOULD BE A REALLY FUN CONCEPT BECAUSE NOW WE HAVE THIS GUNHO, PUTS NO THOUGHT INTO HIS ACTIONS, YOUNG HADDOCK PAIRED WITH A JADED, 'I'VE SEEN IT ALL AT THIS POINT' OLDER TINTIN, AND STILL HAVING THAT MOMENT WHERE HADDOCK IS LIVELY AND SPONTANEOUS ENOUGH TO OPEN TINTIN'S HEART.

- IS THERE SOMETHING YOU WOULD LIKE TO SAY ABOUT YOUR WORK FOR THIS ZINE TO THE READERS?

I REALLY HOPE YOU ENJOY THIS FIC AS MUCH AS I HAVE ENJOYED THE OPPORTUNITY THESE INCREDIBLE MODS HAVE GIVEN ME TO CREATE IT!

A Welcome Change of Pace

SunnyRose

Tintin is working on a case that brings him to the new owner of Moulinsart. Archie Haddock is nothing like Tintin imagined, and it may turn out he'll need the young man's help if they're going to bring down the double dealings inside Sunken Unicorn Inc.

Tintin really wished he wasn't getting old. A sharp twinge from the middle of his back and a dull continuous throb from his right knee reminded him that perhaps sneaking aboard ships and slipping past bad guys might be beyond his limits. However, after about twenty years of it, he would like to point out that he was *very* good at it. He couldn't remember the last time he had actually gotten himself caught, and just because his eyesight was failing didn't detract from him being a crack shot. Especially when he remembered to wear his glasses.

If Tintin were being honest, he didn't see himself giving up this aspect of his job. No matter how many editor positions he was offered. He enjoyed traveling to new places, meeting new people, and as for the danger? Yes, that appealed to him far too much for him to give it up. May not be the most healthy of mindsets, he would admit. However, he would stuff it down into the deepest recesses of his brain only to be pulled out in those quiet moments where his loneliness and insecurities threatened to overwhelm him.

A yip from beside him drew his eyes to his newest partner. The little terrier looked more muddy than snow white when he rescued him off the streets. Now, Milou had more than earned his name and his stay thrice over as he was smart enough to get Tintin out of quite a few close calls. However, he was still a pup and therefore easily distracted by butterflies. Tintin gave a whistle, and Milou stopped his game of chase, finding his way back to Tintin's side immediately. Tintin bent down to pat the pup on the head, despite his protesting body.

"We're almost there, Boy." Tintin pacified.

Their trek through the sprawling estate of Moulinsart was coming to an end as the mansion finally rose above the expanse of trees. Tintin probably could have driven his car down the half a mile drive, but he would rather his presence not be anticipated just yet. The current owner of the expensive property was a young seaman who essentially won the genetic lottery. It was quite a story, and one that Tintin wasn't involved in as he

was in China at the time visiting his dear friend, Chang. However, with pirates, sunken ships, and hidden treasure, it was definitely Tintin's kind of story.

The young man was well on his way to becoming a captain as Tintin understood it. Until he was advised by a family friend into buying an entire fleet of ships instead. Sunken Unicorn Inc. was quickly becoming one of the world's largest shipping companies, and the reason why Tintin was there today. Taking the steps to the ornate door knocker, Tintin spared a moment to appreciate the simplistic beauty of the home. It was certainly plenty large enough, but it was also rather…quaint. The door opened, and Tintin expected to be greeted by a butler or doorman of some sort, only to be surprised at facing the master of the house himself.

Archibald Haddock was a young man in his late twenties with an unruly mop of dark hair and a stout body made for the hard life on the sea. He stood there looking uncomfortable in his three-piece brown suit, but just charming enough that Tintin found himself wishing to be at least thirty again.

"Ahoy there!" Haddock greeted with a bright grin, his hand outstretched for a shake. "I'm Archie. What can I do for you?"

"Tintin." The ginger returned the gesture. "I'm a journalist hoping you'll answer some questions about your ship, the Karaboudjan?"

"Tintin?" Haddock blinked before perking up in recognition. "I love your work! Professor Calculus and I read your articles all the time. Of course! Please, come in."

Tintin hesitated. He wasn't used to getting this reaction. Usually he was greeted with suspicion or worse a bump to the head. However, Milou seemed to have no reservations at all as he bounded inside the house with a few excited yips. Deciding to trust the pup's judgment, he followed after finding the interior to be much like the exterior. Simple, refined, not ostentatious. Haddock led Tintin to the side of the staircase into a sitting room with comfortable looking furniture and a whiskey service bar.

"Can I get you anything?" Haddock asked, getting up to serve himself.

"Uh, some mineral water would be fine."

The young heir pulled a face at the request, but went ahead and poured a glass for Tintin and some wine for himself.

“What can I do for you, Mr. Tintin?”

Tintin took a sip from the glass, setting it on the coaster on the coffee table before pulling out his reading glasses and his notes from his bag. In the meantime, Milou seemed to have given up on investigating the room, and decided to investigate their host instead. Tintin didn’t even realize til he heard a bark of laughter from the other man. When he looked up, he was aghast to see Milou had jumped into Haddock’s lap, licking the man’s face.

“Milou! Down! I’m so sorry.” Tintin apologized after the unruly pup finally returned to the ground. “He’s usually more well-behaved than that.”

“I didn’t mind at all.” Haddock assured him with that ridiculously bright grin of his as he scratched behind the pup’s ears. “I’m more of a cat man myself. They make good mouse catchers on ships, but he’s just fine.”

Tintin tilted his head to the side as he studied the young man before him. He wasn’t lining up at all with how he thought he would be. In fact, Tintin sighed as he stowed his stuff away, giving Haddock a wry smile.

“Mr. Haddock…” Tintin began.

“Archie, please.” He corrected.

Tintin’s smile grew. “Archie,” He stated instead. “Do you have any idea…”

“Ohhh, Archie-lad! I’ve got another shipment for ya!”

Tintin watched as Haddock’s face grew sour as well as flushed in embarrassment. He excused himself out into the hallway. There was an exchange, too quiet for Tintin to make out. Milou growled softly and Tintin patted his head, becoming suspicious of this new person. Perhaps it was too early to make any judgment calls on Haddock just yet. Soon enough, the young man returned cowed behind an older man with the kind of smirk Tintin immediately hated.

“Mr. Tintin! Very nice to meet you. I’m Allan Thompson, owner of Sunken Unicorn Inc.”

“Co-owner.” Haddock corrected under his breath.

Tintin accepted the handshake, plastering a thin smile to his face.

“Is that so? I guess I must have skimmed past that bit of information when I was doing my research.”

Haddock had to put up his hand to hide his smile as Thompson’s eyes narrowed.

“What can we do for you?”

“I have some concerns about one of your ships, the Karaboudjan.” Tintin cut straight to the point. “I was hoping to gain access to the ship’s log to verify some reports.”

Allan whistled. “That’s a mighty tall order. We keep the logs to the Karaboudjan with the ship.”

“Doesn’t it seem irresponsible not to have back-ups?” Tintin pressed.

“We do have back-ups. But Allan keeps the logs to the southern bound freighters himself.”

Allan shot Haddock a look at that, before turning back to Tintin. “You see, Mr. Tintin, I captain the Karaboudjan myself from time to time. I can promise you it’s up to code and definitely a reliable ship. But, please, if you have any questions, feel free to ask. What kind of reports are we talking about?”

“If it’s all the same to you, I’d like to respect the anonymity of my sources.”

There was a long, hard stare being held between the two men with Tintin being certain that Allan knew exactly what he was talking about.

“I think that’s fair. Well let me know if you would like a tour later. Maybe I can bring out those ship logs for you. Unfortunately, I have to go. Tintin, Archie-lad.”

Tintin watched him leave the whole way, even staring at the doorway until he heard the slam indicating he had left. Milou let out a low ‘woof’ which had Haddock laughing.

“Don’t let him wind you up too badly. He’s rough around the edges, but he is a good man, good sailor.”

“Are you truly partners? I thought the company was in your name alone?”

Haddock sat down again, urging Tintin to do the same.

“Allan isn’t officially listed as my partner, but he’s the one who encouraged me to start up the company after I came into the wealth. He was afraid I would get bored, and he told me it was the quickest way to learn what I needed to in order to become a captain of my own ship. Which didn’t work out so much in retrospect.”

“What do you mean?” Tintin asked, not unkindly.

Haddock shrugged as he shook his head. “I’m always here, reading reports, scanning travel plans. I rarely get out on the ocean anymore, unless it’s in my little schooner for an afternoon.”

That’s when it hit him. If Allan was the captain of the Karaboudjan and an unlisted partner, then he was using that to his advantage. Perhaps even running operations how he would like with the option of setting Haddock up as a fall guy if things got too dicey. Tintin jumped out of his seat, heading for the door.

“I’m sorry Mr. Haddock…”

“Archie.” He was corrected gently once more.

“But I have to go.”

“What? Now?” The young man questioned, following Tintin to the door.

Deciding he deserved to be warned, Tintin spun around to face Haddock, catching the young man by surprise.

“I think someone is hiding something from you, and I think you’re better off not knowing what just yet. It’ll make it easier for me to find them.”

“Hiding something? Thundering typhoons! And that’s it? You’re just going to leave? Tell me please, maybe I can help!”

Tintin considered it for about five seconds before shaking his head. He shook Haddock’s hand in a firm handshake before he went.

“Thank you for the offer, but I need to get a little more information first. Can I call you if I need access to the shipping yard?”

“Of course!” Haddock declared. “Whatever you need! If you’re sure though. I may not be a famous reporter like you, but I certainly know my way around a ship.”

Tintin laughed. “Of that I have no doubt.” He declared, slapping the young man on the arm.

Which had the disastrous result of Tintin feeling the hard muscle hidden beneath the layers of the suit. He felt himself pause as he blinked up at Haddock coyly. He really did have the prettiest sea green eyes…Tintin shook himself from his thoughts. This hasn’t happened to him in awhile. He hardly ever gets crushes. Perhaps it was just the easygoing atmosphere surrounding Haddock that just sucked anyone into his orbit. In any case, Tintin had a job to do. *Then he could call Archie.*

“Enjoy the rest of your day, Archie.” Tintin mumbled, making an abrupt exit.

He was halfway down the drive when he peeked over his shoulder to see the young man still standing there, his hands in his pockets before finally disappearing inside. Tintin took a deep breath before releasing it. This was for the best. He didn’t need the distraction anyways.

Milou gave a growl catching Tintin’s attention when he was suddenly grabbed from behind, and slammed into a tree. Tintin tried to call for help when a rag was pressed up against his face. Oh, great. Chloroform. He looked around from Milou, only to see the unconscious pup being shoved into a sack. Tintin continued to fight as hard as he could, but his eyelids were becoming heavy, and his limbs harder to move.

“That’s it, Mr. Tintin. One small nap, and it’s lights out forever.”

Well that didn’t sound promising, not that he hadn’t heard that particular threat before. What struck him the most was he knew that voice…from somewhere…It was becoming so much harder to focus, and after one last deep inhale, Tintin finally felt consciousness leave him for good.

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Archie pulled on the rigging, letting the boon swing out, trying to catch the wind on the port side. When he finally had the lines adjusted how he wanted, he returned to the

helm, whistling to himself as he went. He loved sailing. Sometimes when he was horseback riding or working for the company at Moulinsart he forgot how much he loved it. Then he would get that salty, fish smell in his nose and the breeze through his hair, and he wondered how he could ever drag himself away from the sea.

He sometimes thought about how his life would be if Professor Calculus hadn't recognized him by his ancestor's portrait. Would he be captain of the Karaboudjan right now? It's what he had always dreamed of doing. It was rather fortunate that Allan had talked him into keeping the ship along with a few others. That way he could come aboard anytime he wanted to, but now his mind was buzzing with a different sort of energy towards his beloved ship. Archie couldn't help thinking about Mr. Tintin and his puzzling message the day before.

He hadn't lied when he told Tintin he was a fan, but there was a bit more to it than that. Tintin was practically Archie's celebrity crush. He remembered seeing newspaper clippings of him when he was younger and thinking 'that's what I want'. Adventures in the world, beating up on bad guys, all with a smile on his face. Even older with a full mustache, Haddock still considered Tintin attractive. Maybe if he still felt that strongly, it was for the best that Tintin didn't take him up on his offer. He had thought for just a second, maybe Tintin had caved and would allow him to go with him. Guess it wasn't meant to be though.

It was fine. After all, Archie had his company that kept him busy, and Allan made sure that Nestor kept his schedule full of outings whether horseback riding or operas. And when all of that became too much, Archie had his sailboat. Adventures would probably just complicate things in his life right now. It was for the best. Maybe if he told himself that enough times it would prove to be true.

Archie was about to turn his radio on to drown out his thoughts when he heard something. It sounded like yipping. Out in the middle of the ocean though? Archie was convinced he was hearing things, when there it was again. He whipped his head around. What in the world was that? There off the starboard about fifty yards was a small white animal paddling in the water for all that he was worth yanking something in his teeth. Archie immediately turned the helm in that direction. Poor little guy. Must have fallen off a boat or something.

It was as Archie got closer that he realized a couple of things. The first was that it was a puppy. A very familiar white puppy. The second, was the thing in his mouth was the collar of his owner's shirt desperately trying to pull him to safety. Archie felt his heart plummet.

"Tintin!" He shouted.

It was almost instinct to turn on the automatic anchor before kicking off his shoes and jumping into the sea's cold embrace. With a few strong strokes, he was at the ginger's side, wrapping an arm around his middle and leaning Tintin's head on his shoulder. He was still breathing. Shallowly, but it was a good sign.

"Milou, can you get to the boat okay?"

Whether the little puppy understood him or not, Archie wasn't quite sure, but he chuckled to himself at the furious paddling of his to reach safety. Archie concentrated on keeping Tintin's head above the waves as he back stroked with one hand to reach the sailboat. It was slow work, and he could feel the strain in his muscles, but Archie was determined and finally reached the steps of his ladder. He struggled with getting Tintin out of the water, and when he got him over the side, collapsed on the floorboards next to him.

Tintin coughed, seawater spewing beside him before slowly opening his eyes, squinting as he tried to make out Archie's shape.

"Mr…Haddock?"

"I thought…I had finally got you calling me Archie?" He teased.

A soft smile that had Archie's heart flipping in his chest stole across that handsome face as Tintin smiled.

"Thank you…Archie."

He fell back unconscious, which Archie wasn't too surprised by, but knew he needed to act fast if Tintin didn't want to suffer the effects of being in the water for as long as he had. Milou pawed at him and whined until Archie shooed him away. He rushed below decks to get the thick blankets and towels before coming back up to strip Tintin down to his underwear. Archie tried not to ogle too much even though he was impressed with the shape the older man managed to keep. He towel dried Tintin as best as he could before wrapping him in blankets. Feeling his muscles strain, Archie still managed to lift Tintin in his arms and carry him to his bunk below.

He was dying with curiosity to know what happened, but let Tintin sleep with Milou curled up next to him. As he went back up to retract the anchor and set sail once more, a thought was occurring to him. Tintin came over to ask about his business, and now he's ended up like this. Something was clearly going on in Sunken Unicorn. Something that Archie, as the owner, didn't know. He was beginning to wonder about how much his partner *didn't know*. Feeling a burning spread through his chest, Archie cranked the wheel port. He was turning this boat around, and he was demanding answers from Allan. Nobody duped Archie Haddock and got away with it.

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Tintin groaned as he started to wake. His throat was sore, his body ached, but surprisingly he was warm. Hadn't he been thrown into the ocean or did he dream that? A rough tongue started kissing the underside of his chin, and he chuckled weakly while blindly batting his pup away.

"Okay, Milou. I'm awake."

"Oh good! I'll bring you a warm drink. Give me just a moment."

Tintin blinked. Did…Milou just speak to him? He looked down at the pup who tilted his head back at Tintin almost as if mimicking his confusion.

"I thought I would ask as well before I just poured it in there, but would you like some whiskey to go with your tea?"

Tintin's eyes drew upwards to where Archie Haddock stepped into the room. Tintin flinched as he sat up. Had he been wrong to assume the young man had nothing to do with this? Was he just toying with him to determine what all Tintin knew? He made the mistake of staring into the earnest, eager eyes of Archie, and immediately dissolved any suspicion he had. He knew the look of someone who believed they held all the power. Archie couldn't possibly be that person.

He accepted the tea gladly, declining the whiskey. The warm beverage was enough, soothing the ache in his throat. Archie settled into the chair next to him, filling in some of the gaps. Telling Tintin about how he went out sailing, how he found Tintin floating out in the ocean, and how he dived in after him. Tintin was honestly rather impressed, and selfishly wished he had been awake to feel those stout arms wrapped around him.

Archie didn't press him to return the favor, but Tintin felt like he owed it to him. Besides, it was his company. Archie needed to know what was going on.

"It all started when a friend of mine named Skut caught sight of the Karaboudjan in Egypt last week." Tintin began.

"Egypt?" Archie declared, shaking his head. "No, that doesn't make sense. According to my maps, they weren't ever supposed to be that close to that part of the world."

Tintin nodded, taking another sip of his tea. "Which is what I found out, so I snuck aboard at their next stop and found something onboard that I don't think you knew about."

"What was that?"

"Cocaine."

Archie jumped to his feet.

"WHAT?! Why? How?"

"That's what I was trying to find out. Apparently the Karaboudjan has been dabbling in drug smuggling for awhile now."

"Blue blistering barnacles!" Haddock swore before suddenly stopping midpace. "Then that means…Allan…that double-crossing, lying charlatan!"

ALLAN. Tintin bet that was who knocked him out and why his voice had sounded so familiar. Great snakes! He usually did a better job of piecing that together. He looked up at the angry young man across from him with eyes like the sea, and had a good idea what had distracted him so.

"Archie," Tintin placated. "There's more."

The sailor watched him warily with brows furrowed and hands twitching.

"I think he's setting you up. I think he thought if he ever got caught…it would all find its way back to you."

Archie gaped, and Tintin prepared himself for the explosive tirade. Instead Archie went pale and seemed to be trembling as he sank back in the seat, reminding Tintin how young he truly was. His heart lurched at the sight, and he reached over to put his hand on Archie's leg.

"Archie…" Tintin attempted to soothe. "It's not your fault."

"Tintin, it was my company! How could I not have seen…"

"Because they didn't want you to see it." Tintin argued vehemently, believing it more and more with every minute, and faith was not something he offered freely. Not anymore.

Archie put his head in his hands, and Tintin felt himself shifting closer wanting to comfort the other man.

"Allan…I always thought he was my friend. What do I do now?"

Tintin grimaced. He hated this part of his job, when the truth hurt good people. He did always take comfort in the good that came from the pain, and that's what he was going to set out to remind Archie.

"You fight." He answered. "We get those ship logs from the Karaboudjan, and we show him what happens when he tries to dupe Archibald Haddock."

Haddock smirked as he slowly raised his head. Tintin blinked not realizing how close they had gotten. A few scant inches and their lips could meet. Archie's plump, yet chapped lips…

"Alright!" Archie stated, breaking the moment. "Let's go get these bastards."

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The nice thing about having Archie around this time was the ease at getting access to the docks. The guards recognized Archie and had no problem with him wanting on the Karaboudjan. Tintin warned him that they would still have to be careful. The cops were on their way led by two young detectives Tintin had the pleasure of meeting on a previous case where they accused him of burglary.

No, they didn't need a confrontation here. They just needed to get the ship's logs and get out. Archie nodded like he understood, but Tintin could read the anger boiling just under the surface. He was betrayed and he was wanting retribution. Tintin would just have to hope that Allan Thompson wasn't onboard.

They made it up to the upper decks without any problems, but it was as they were searching the records office that they realized the logs weren't there.

"It could be in one of two spots: the command center…or the captain's private quarters." Archie explained.

Tintin could tell from the grim look on his face which he thought it was, and Tintin wanted to protect Archie from an altercation as much as possible. For what the young man had done for him, Tintin could do this much.

"Then I'll check Allan's rooms. You go to the command center."

Tintin could tell that the plan didn't sit well with him, but Archie nodded along anyway. They agreed to meet in the hall outside the upper decks in exactly twenty minutes. Before Tintin could take off, Archie grabbed him by his arm.

"Uh, Tintin?"

Tintin stared back at him perplexed. "Yes?"

The young man's face suddenly went bright red all the way up to his ears as he slowly released Tintin.

"Um, be careful. Please."

Tintin couldn't help giving him a smile in return. "You too."

Tintin waited, watching Archie's backside as he retreated down his hall, before shaking his head and racing through the ship with Milou nipping at his heels. He had a really bad feeling about this. Things never went this easy for him, and he would really like to be off this ship before things took a turn for the worst.

Meanwhile, Archie was searching diligently around the control desk, but he already knew he wasn't going to find anything. He and Tintin both did. Still, he went through the motions just so he could be honest when he said he hadn't found anything. Nearing the

end of the allotted time, he was about to turn around and find Tintin, when the door opened. Archie smirked. Just the bastard he was looking for.

“Oh, Archie. You should have kept your big nose out of it when I told you to kick out that reporter back at Moulinsart.” Allan sighed with mock disappointment.

He nodded his head towards the three goons behind him, and they moved forward to apprehend him. Finally, just the fight he was looking for. Archie slammed his fist in the first one’s nose, ducking the hit aimed at the side of his head from the second one. Archie turned and slammed him into the ground before he was rushed by the third one. They grappled on the floor, trading hits and kicks. Archie took a solid punch just under his chin before he kneed him in the stomach. As the man coughed and fought for breath, Archie climbed his way back to his feet only to have his arms locked in the grasp of thug one and thug two.

Archie squirmed and swore and fought as much as he could, but their grips merely tightened around him as they brought him before Allan. The man reached down to pinch Archie’s cheek as if he were a misbehaving child.

“You put me in a difficult position, Archie. I promised your parents that I would look out for you, and yet you’ve gone and teamed up with the one man who is going to bring down our entire operation. Is this how you want to see the Sunken Unicorn…well, sink?”

“*My* company will be just fine. It’s you and your lot who should be worried!”

“Ooh! Big words from someone who was reaping the benefits of our little side hustle. Tell me, Archie, did you really think you were getting that rich off crab meat?”

The other men chuckled, and Archie pulled against their holds again to no avail.

“I don’t care.” He swore. “I don’t care about the money. I only care about doing what’s right, and that’s taking you down!”

“Oh you do, do you?” Allan growled, before punching Archie in the stomach.

His knees gave out, the grips on his arms tightening, as he gasped and coughed.

“Take him down below and tie him up. We’ll toss him overboard once we get far enough out.”

Archie's chest tightened as he weakly started struggling again when a very welcome voice spoke up.

"I don't think so."

Archie looked up to see Tintin standing behind Allan, a gun aimed at the man's head. He gave a weak smile once he caught sight of the log book gripped tightly in his other hand.

"Mr. Tintin." Allan growled before slowly turning to face him. "Pity to see you alive."

"Better luck next time. Now release Archie and step back."

The two holding on to Archie pulled him back as the third goon stepped forward with Allan.

"And just who is going to make us. You?"

"Me." Tintin stated clearly before smirking. "And them."

Suddenly ten to fifteen armed officers stormed the room, holding the goons at gunpoint while cuffing them. Archie stumbled as he was released, but couldn't fight the grin stealing across his face as he gave them a little wave on their way out.

"This isn't over." Allan snarled, fighting against the officer escorting him out.

"It never is." Tintin rolled his eyes, infuriating him more.

Allan was pushed out of the room leaving only a litany of curses behind him. Two young officers about Archie's age entered at that point. Both clean shaven. Both wearing identical bowler hats.

"I believe everything you need to close this case is right here, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Thomson."

"Thank you very much, Tintin." The first addressed as he took the book.

"Always a pleasure to have your help." The other added.

They tipped their hats in sync to Tintin before heading out after the other officers. Archie gave them a weird look which had Tintin chuckling.

“Not twins, but both have the name Leslie Thom(p)son if you can believe it.”

Archie gave a breathless laugh, rubbing at the back of his head as he stepped closer to Tintin.

“Uh, thanks, by the way.”

Tintin smiled. “You’re welcome, by the way.”

“You know I had this really cool line prepared about how you probably needed a partner before you had to come in and rescue me.”

Tintin took a step closer to him. “Technically, you did rescue me first.”

Archie brightened as he took the last step to bring them together.

“Well, how about it?”

Tintin pretended to be thinking about it. “You know you could become captain of the Karaboudjan instead.”

Archie shook his head. “I’m pretty sure I know a better adventure when I see one.”

Tintin’s mustache twitched and Archie was consumed with the need to bend down and kiss him right then and there. That’s when Milou jumped up between them with a playful bark. Tintin laughed as he pet the pup and Archie figured his chance was gone.

“What do you think, Milou? Are we in need of a change of pace?” Tintin smirked, his eyes never leaving Archie.

The pup continued to bark, dancing around.

“Well, there’s your answer.” Tintin shrugged before grabbing Archie by the back of his head and kissing him deeply.

The young man froze, before quickly returning the kiss, wrapping his arms around Tintin’s back and waist. A welcome change of pace indeed.

CONTRIBUTOR INFO:

NAME: NADESHIKO SHIROGI
PRONOUNS: SHE/HER
SOCIAL: TUMBLR: NADESHIKOSHIROGI

INTERVIEW QUESTIONS:

- HOW DID YOU BECOME A FAN OF TINTIN?

WITHOUT A DOUBT THAT WAS TUMBLR'S FAULT. WHILE I WAS SICK AND IN ISOLATION AT THE BEGINNING OF 2022 I CAME ACROSS A HADDOTIN POST AND SINCE I DIDN'T KNOW THE SHIP (OR ANYTHING ABOUT TINTIN REALLY) I DID A LITTLE (A LOT) RESEARCH AND WELL... HERE WE ARE.

- WHO ARE YOUR FAVOURITE CHARACTERS FROM THE SERIES?

MILOU IS WITHOUT A DOUBT MY FIRST OPTION!! OF COURSE, TINTIN AND HADDOCK CONTINUE ON THE LIST AND TOURNESOL HAS POINTS BECAUSE HIS GENERAL CONFUSION OF THE ENVIRONMENT IT'S VERY TENDER.

- WHAT IS ONE OF THE MOST MEMORABLE MOMENTS IN THE SERIES FOR YOU?

OF SO MANY MOMENTS, I THINK I WOULD CHOOSE WHEN TINTIN SAVES HADDOCK IN SPACE. IN GENERAL, THE WHOLE TRIP TO THE MOON SEEMS VERY IMPORTANT TO ME IN THE SERIES, BUT I ESPECIALLY LIKE THIS MOMENT. THE REDHEAD IS ALWAYS THERE TO ALWAYS TRY TO SAVE EVERYONE, BUT SEEING HIM SO WORRIED AND ANGRY ABOUT ARCHIBALD RISKING HIS LIFE IN SUCH A FOOLISH WAY, I THINK HE CAPTURES HIS FEELINGS VERY WELL, AT THE SAME TIME THAT, NOW BEING SAFE, THE CAPTAIN UNDERSTANDS HIS MISTAKE AND DESPITE HOW STUBBORN HE CAN BE, HE DOES NOT HESITATE TO ASK TINTIN FOR FORGIVENESS, BEING FOR ME THE ONLY PERSON WHO CAN MAKE HIM RECONSIDER. TO ME THIS SHOWS VERY WELL HOW IMPORTANT THEY ARE TO EACH OTHER.

- WHAT MADE YOU SHIP HADDOTIN?

THERE ARE SEVERAL REASONS, I FIND THE DYNAMIC THEY HAVE VERY INTERESTING, SEEING HADDOCK FOLLOW TINTIN EVERYWHERE (EVEN THOUGH HE COMPLAINS ABOUT IT) IS CHARMING, I ALSO THINK THAT THEY BOTH DO WELL FOR EACH OTHER, TINTIN KEEPS ARCHIBALD SOBER AND FOCUSED AND HE STOPS TINTIN FROM GOING TOO FAR. AND AS AN EXTRA, THE PHYSICAL DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE TWO HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A FEATURE THAT I LOVE IN MY SHIPS.

- WHAT DO YOU LIKE ABOUT THE CONCEPT OF AGESWAP?

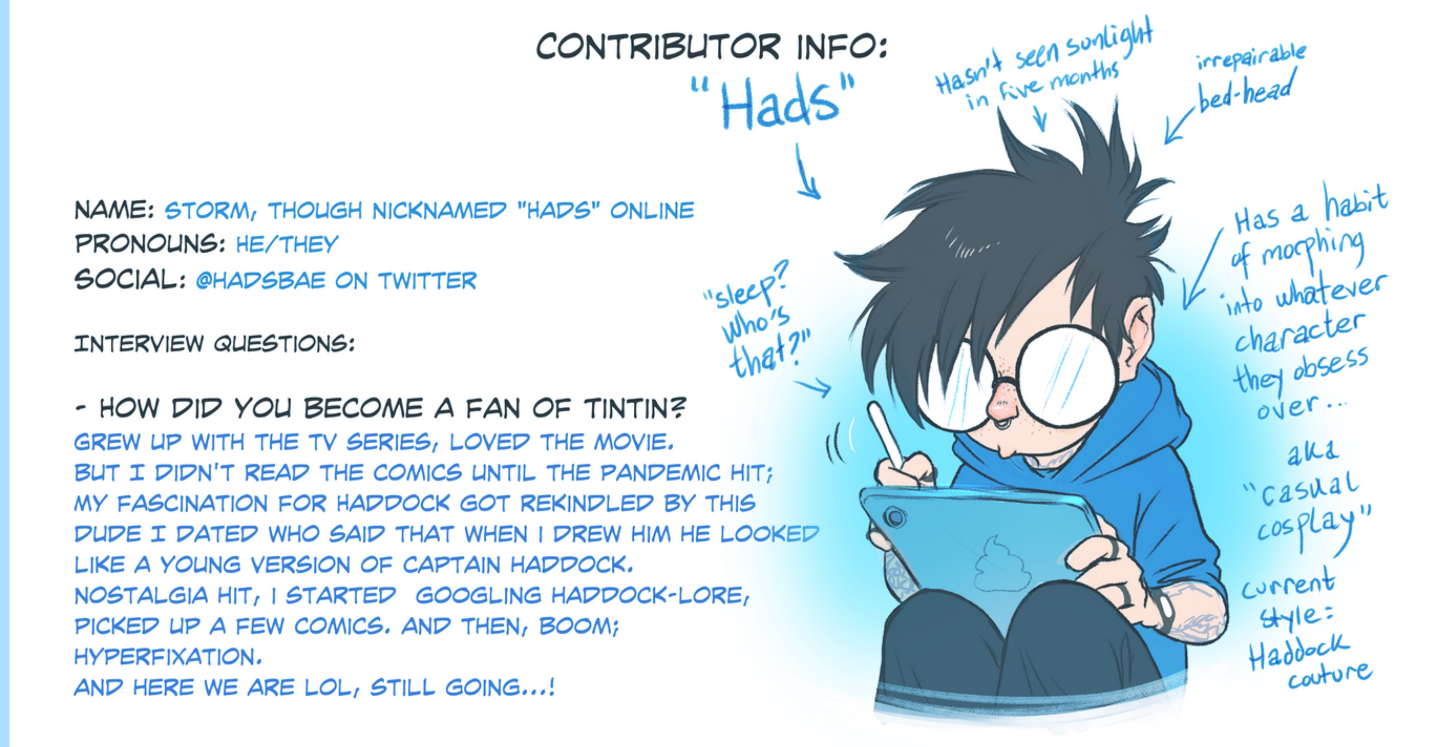
AUS ARE ALWAYS FUN TO EXPLORE, AND IN A SHIP LIKE THIS, WHERE THE AGE DIFFERENCE IS CONSIDERABLE AND RESULTS IN AN IMPORTANT POINT WITHIN THEIR DYNAMIC, AN AGE SWAP GENERATES NEW PERSPECTIVES, FOR EXAMPLE WE WOULD NOT HAVE A TINTIN WORRIED ABOUT BEING TOO YOUNG FOR THE CAPTAIN, IF NOT THE OPPOSITE, PERHAPS THINKING THAT HE IS TOO OLD AND THEREFORE NOT ATTRACTIVE. AND AN ARCHIBALD FEELING IMMATURE OR UNSOPHISTICATED FOR SOMEONE LIKE TINTIN. HOW THEY RESOLVE THESE THOUGHTS (AND HUNDREDS OF OTHERS) WITH DIFFERENT AGES AND EXPERIENCES TURNS OUT TO BE SOMETHING VERY EXCITING.

- IS THERE SOMETHING YOU WOULD LIKE TO SAY ABOUT YOUR WORK FOR THIS ZINE TO THE READERS?

I LOVE THIS SHIP IN ANY UNIVERSE. THIS SCENE IS AN INTIMATE MOMENT AT AN ELEGANT PARTY WHERE THEY ARE INFILTRATED, AND ALTHOUGH THEY ARE FOCUSED ON THE MISSION, THEY TAKE A MOMENT FOR A DANCE IN THE SHADOWS.


Nadeshiko Shirogi

CONTRIBUTOR INFO:



NAME: STORM, THOUGH NICKNAMED "HADS" ONLINE
PRONOUNS: HE/THEY
SOCIAL: @HADSBAE ON TWITTER

INTERVIEW QUESTIONS:

- HOW DID YOU BECOME A FAN OF TINTIN?

GREW UP WITH THE TV SERIES, LOVED THE MOVIE.
BUT I DIDN'T READ THE COMICS UNTIL THE PANDEMIC HIT;
MY FASCINATION FOR HADDOCK GOT REKINDLED BY THIS DUDE I DATED WHO SAID THAT WHEN I DREW HIM HE LOOKED LIKE A YOUNG VERSION OF CAPTAIN HADDOCK.
NOSTALGIA HIT, I STARTED GOOGLING HADDOCK-LORE, PICKED UP A FEW COMICS. AND THEN, BOOM; HYPERFIXATION.
AND HERE WE ARE LOL, STILL GOING...!

- WHO ARE YOUR FAVOURITE CHARACTERS FROM THE SERIES?

HADDOCK, OBVIOUSLY. BUT ALSO RAMÓ NASH, COLONEL ALVAREZ, MIKE (MATEO), CAPTAIN CHESTER, AND EVENTUALLY TINTIN.

- WHAT IS ONE OF THE MOST MEMORABLE MOMENTS IN THE SERIES FOR YOU?

HADDOCK SHOWING OFF HIS SKILLS AS BOTH A CAPTAIN AND AN ENGINEER ABOARD THE RAMONA.

- WHAT MADE YOU SHIP HADDOTIN?

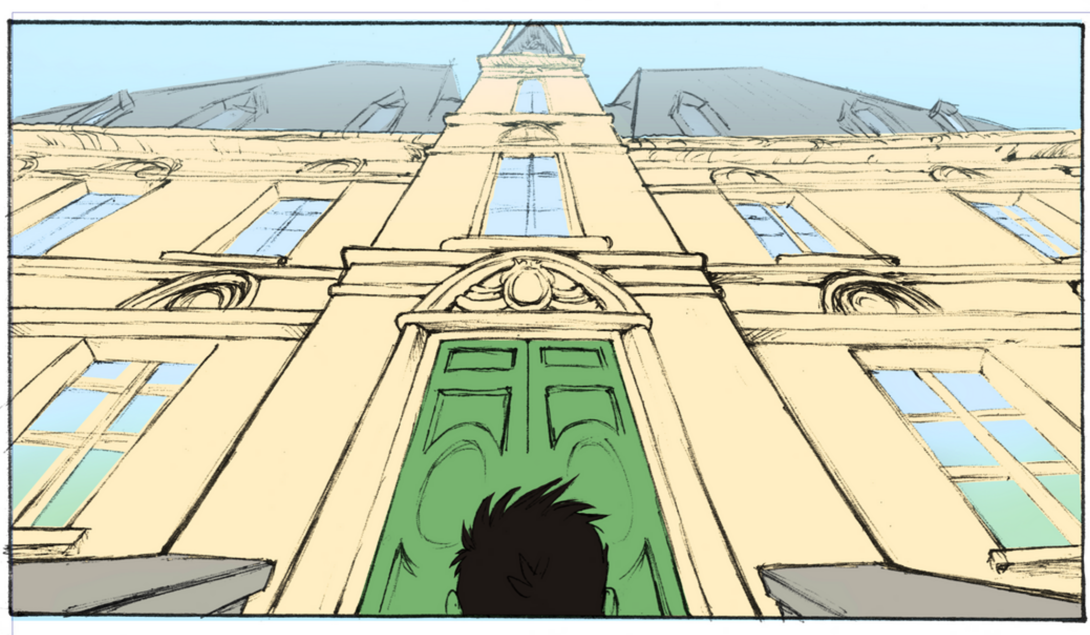
WASN'T INTO IT AT FIRST CUZ I DIDN'T LIKE TINTIN AS A CHARACTER FOR A LONG TIME (TOO RELATABLE LOL SELF-LOATHING IS A BISH), BUT THE MORE I GOT INTO THE LORE, THE MORE IMPRESSIVE, WHOLESOME AND INSPIRING THEIR RELATIONSHIP DYNAMIC WAS. THE AGE GAP THREW ME OFF AT FIRST, BUT THEIR PERSONALITIES AND HOW COMPATIBLE THEY ARE AS PEOPLE IS SO FUN TO WRITE/DRAW/ANALYZE.
TLDR; IT GREW ON ME.

- WHAT DO YOU LIKE ABOUT THE CONCEPT OF AGESWAP?

EXPLORING THE CHARACTERS FROM A BRAND NEW PERSPECTIVE WHILE KEEPING THEM RECOGNIZABLE AND IN-CHARACTER; DOING A DEEP DIVE INTO THEIR PSYCHOLOGY AND DISCOVERING WHAT THEIR CORE PERSONALITY IS AND WHAT'S BEEN SHAPED BY THEIR LIFE EXPERIENCES.
TLDR; HAVING FUN PSYCHOANALYZING THEM IN VARIOUS SETTINGS AND STARTING POINTS

- IS THERE SOMETHING YOU WOULD LIKE TO SAY ABOUT YOUR WORK FOR THIS ZINE TO THE READERS?

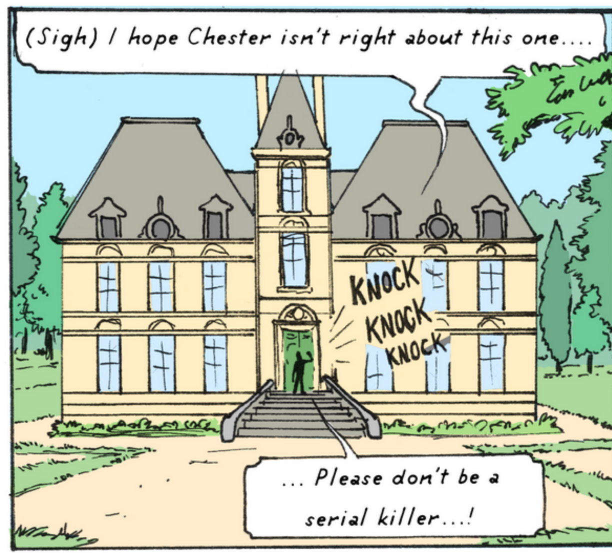
THANKS FOR CHECKING OUT MY FANART! FOR THIS ONE I DECIDED TO MAKE STUFF HARDER FOR MYSELF AND DREW IT ALL TRADITIONALLY LOL... USING A BALLPOINT PEN TO INK WITH WAS NOT MY BEST IDEA, BUT IT WAS FUN TO WORK ON! I RAN OUT OF TIME AS PER USUAL AND BASICALLY HAD TWO DAYS TO DO CLEAN-UP, LETTERING AND COLORING (DIGITALLY) SO IF IT LOOKS RUSHED IT'S BECAUSE IT IS, HEH... BUT I HOPE YOU'LL ENJOY THE STORY AND THAT IT'S NOT TOO CONFUSING.
I HAD LOTS OF FUN MAKING THESE :)

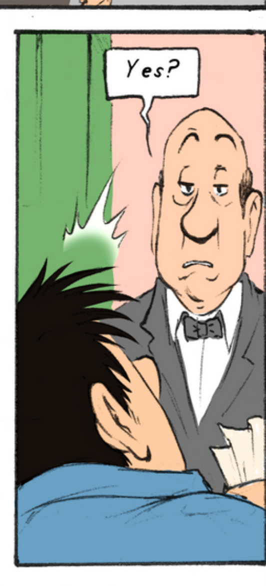


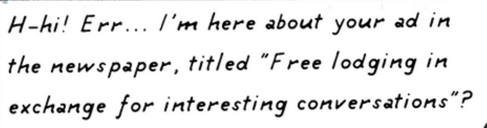




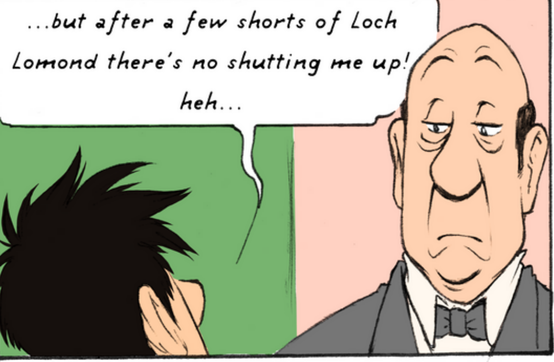

Well... This IS the right adress...!

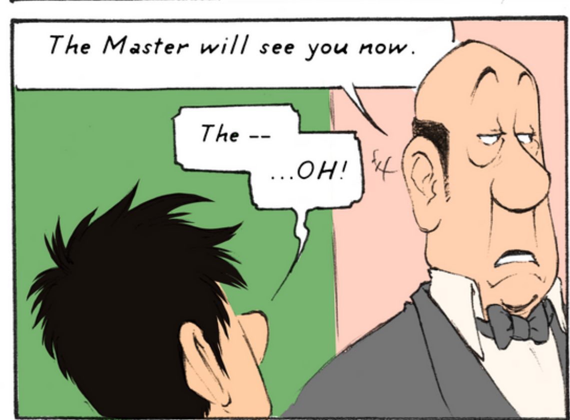

(Sigh) I hope Chester isn't right about this one....
KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK
... Please don't be a serial killer...!

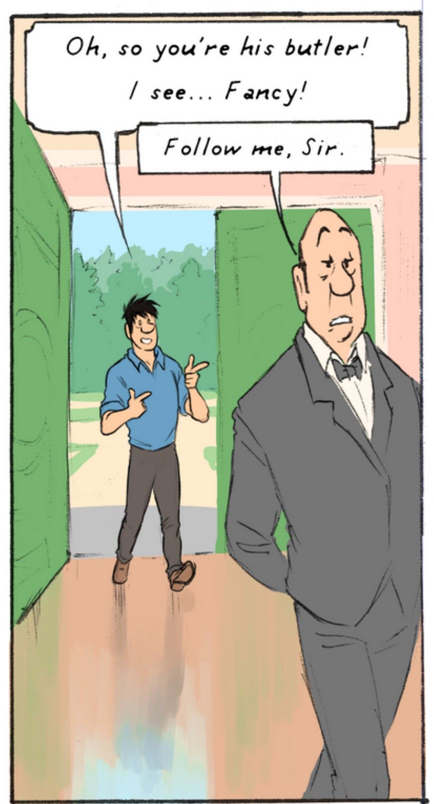

Yes?

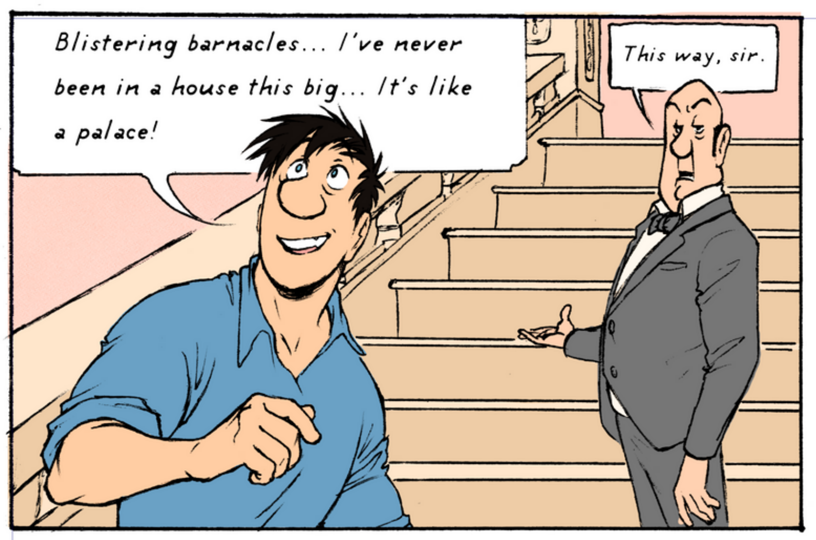

H-hi! Err... I'm here about your ad in the newspaper, titled "Free lodging in exchange for interesting conversations"?

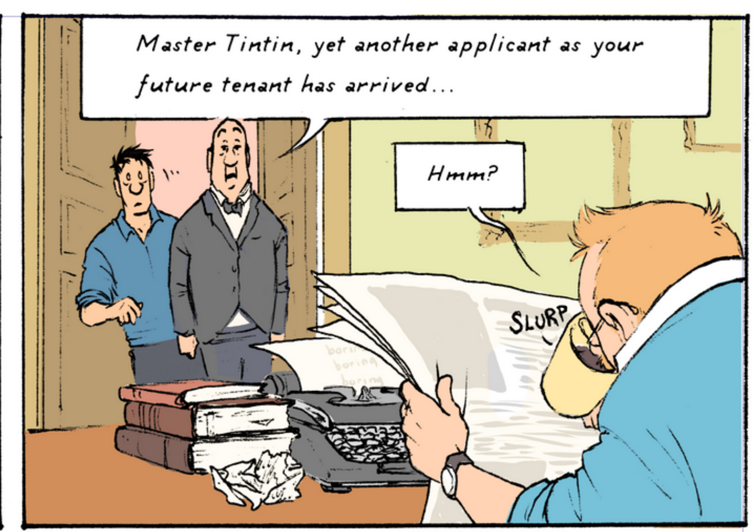

Not sure if I qualify for interesting conversations though...


...but after a few shorts of Loch Lomond there's no shutting me up! heh...


The Master will see you now.
The --
...OH!


Oh, so you're his butler! I see... Fancy!
Follow me, Sir.


Blistering barnacles... I've never been in a house this big... It's like a palace!
This way, sir.

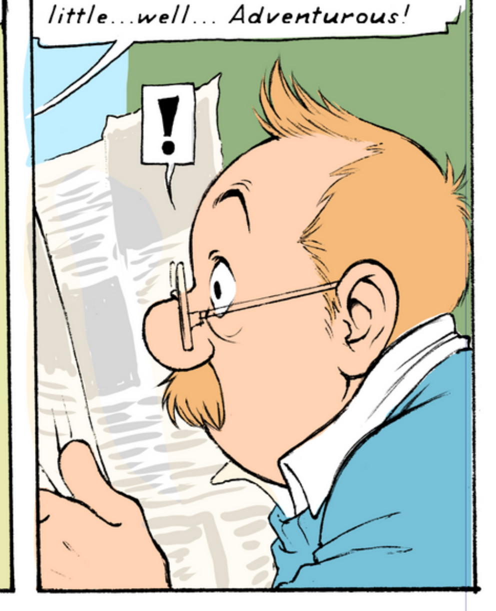

Master Tintin, yet another applicant as your future tenant has arrived...
Hmm?
SLURP

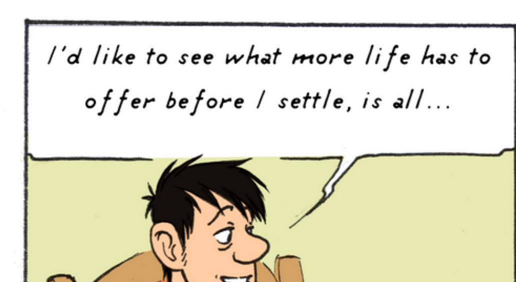

Ah yes! Good, good... Take a seat, Sir or Madam, I'll be with you shortly, I am almost done reading this article... It's most intriguing, you see!


Oh, uh... Sure.
Now, what is your name, boy? Why did you answer my ad and what is your motivation for applying?


My name is Archibald Haddock, I'm 27 years old, and long story short I need a place to stay for a bit.
...and the long version?


Oh! Err... Alright, so... I was in the marine, merchant fleet, to become a sea captain like all my ancestors, but... I quit. And then my mum got mad and kicked me out the house, heh...
But I can always re-enlist, y'know, it's just...
Well...


The ocean isn't going anywhere, and I have other passions too that I'd like to explore first... I suppose career-wise I felt a little...well... Adventurous!
!

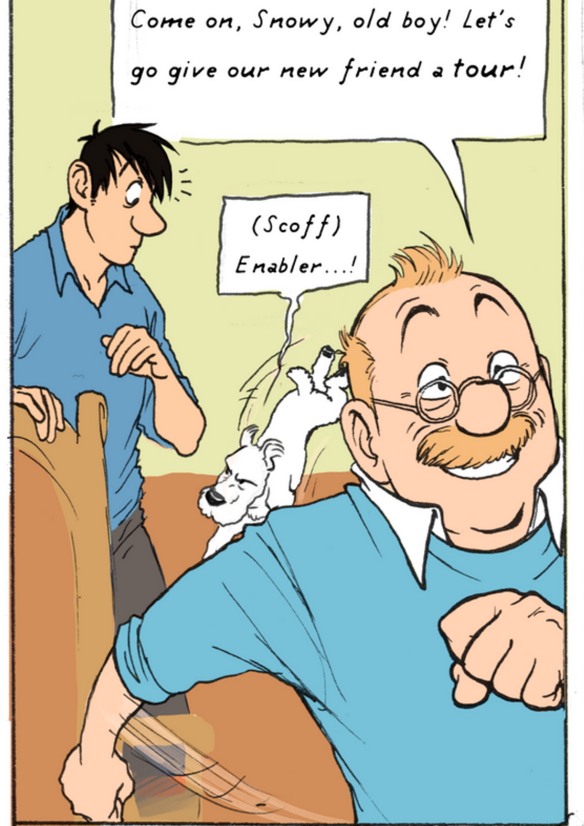

I'd like to see what more life has to offer before I settle, is all...


So I need a place to station myself while I go looking for the next adventure--
It's all yours, Mr. Haddock!


What?

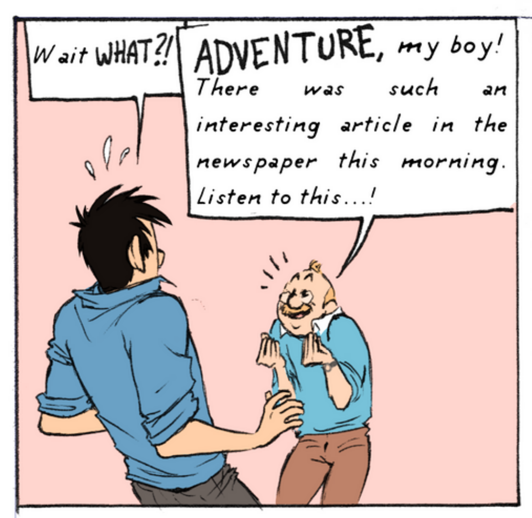

If it's adventure you're after, then you have come to the right place, my boy!


The name is Tintin, investigative journalist and freelance detective. I've been all over the world!
...Twice!

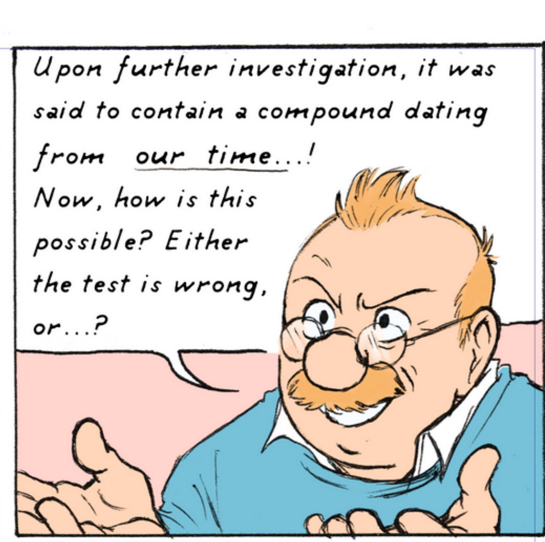

Come on, Snowy, old boy! Let's go give our new friend a tour!
(Scoff) Enabler...!

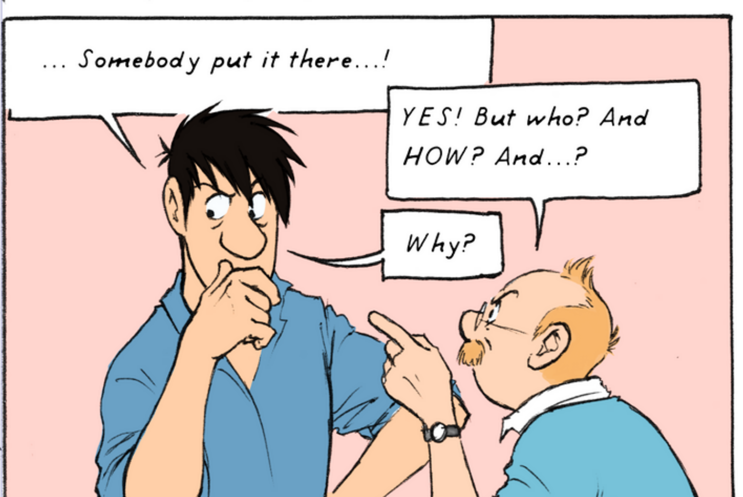

Let me tell you, it's been excruciatingly boring around here since I retired... It's going to be great having some company to liven things up! ...And an adventurer no less... What a scoop!
I-I'm not exactly an adventurer though...


It was more of a metaphor...!
Nonsense!
Either way, we'll soon find out!
Nestor! Pack our bags, we're off to Jakarta!

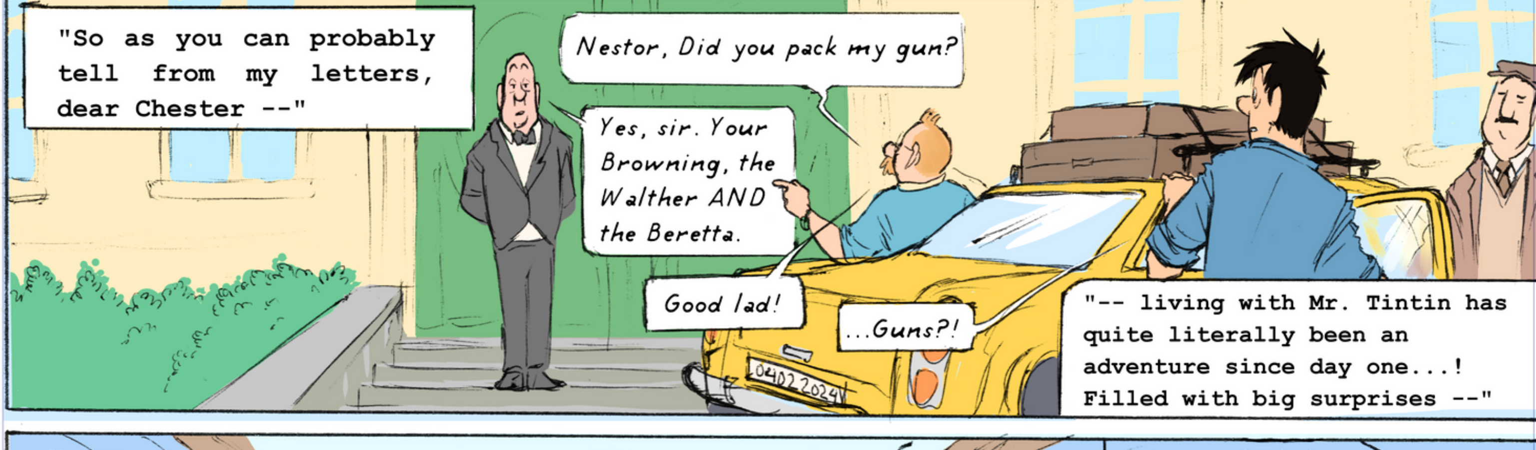

Wait WHAT?!
ADVENTURE, my boy! There was such an interesting article in the newspaper this morning. Listen to this...!

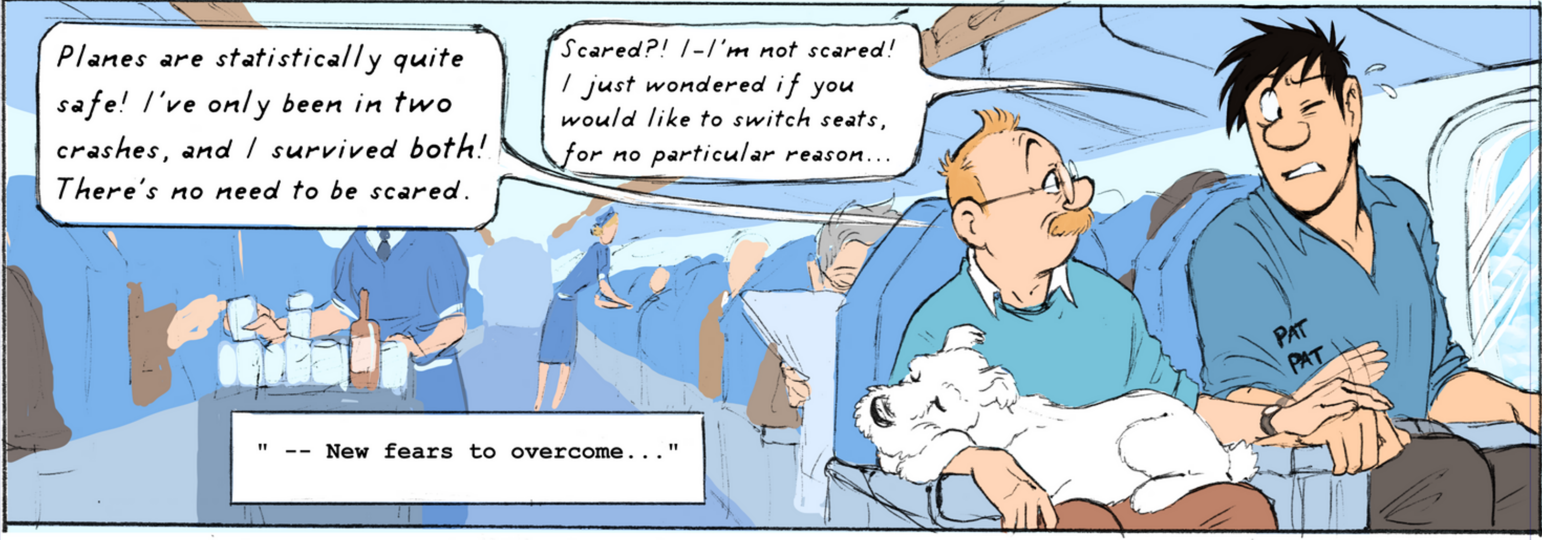

An archaeological find, supposed to have been several thousand years old BUT --

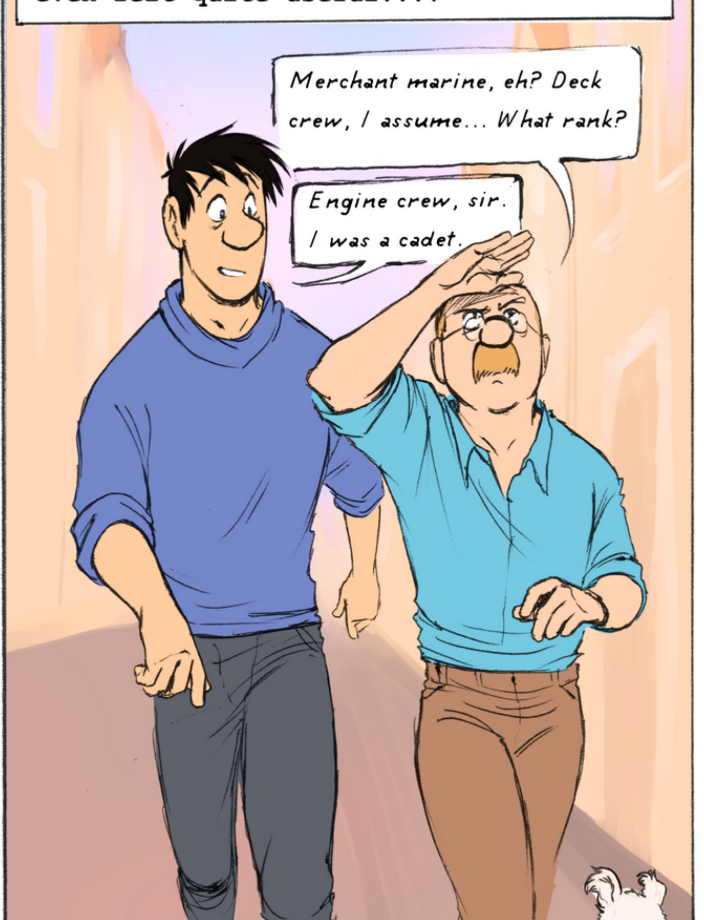

Upon further investigation, it was said to contain a compound dating from our time...! Now, how is this possible? Either the test is wrong, or...?

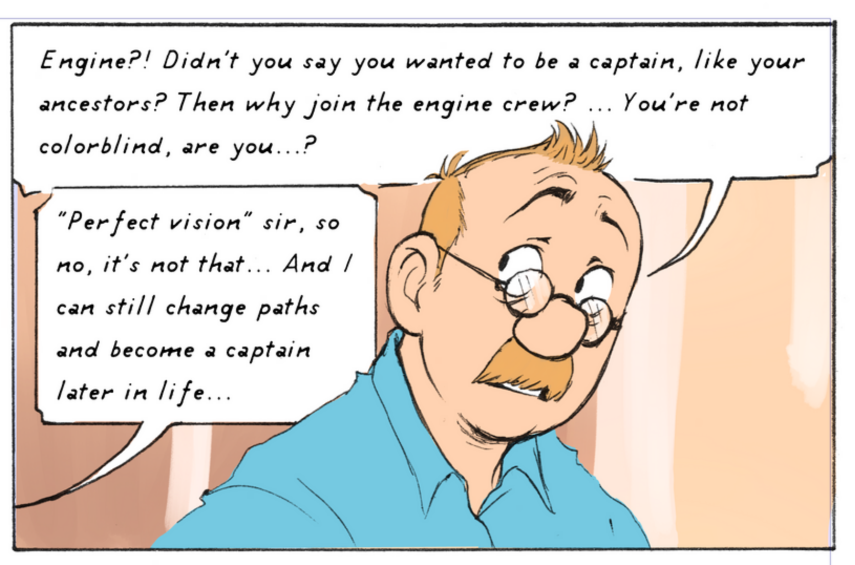

... Somebody put it there...!
YES! But who? And HOW? And...?
Why?


Hurry up, dear boy! This could be the most exciting adventure of our lives! Not to mention the most dangerous!
What bliss!


"So as you can probably tell from my letters, dear Chester --"
Nestor, Did you pack my gun?
Yes, sir. Your Browning, the Walther AND the Beretta.
Good lad!
...Guns?!
"-- living with Mr. Tintin has quite literally been an adventure since day one...! Filled with big surprises --"

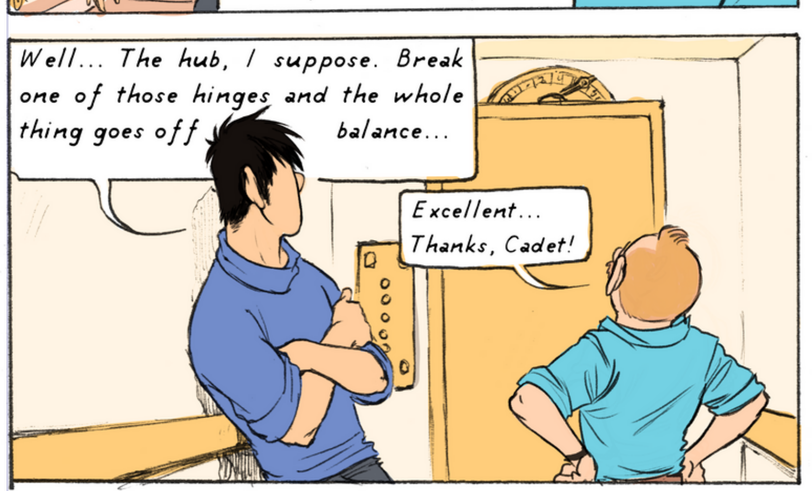

Planes are statistically quite safe! I've only been in two crashes, and I survived both! There's no need to be scared.
Scared?! I-I'm not scared! I just wondered if you would like to switch seats, for no particular reason...
PAT PAT
" -- New fears to overcome..."

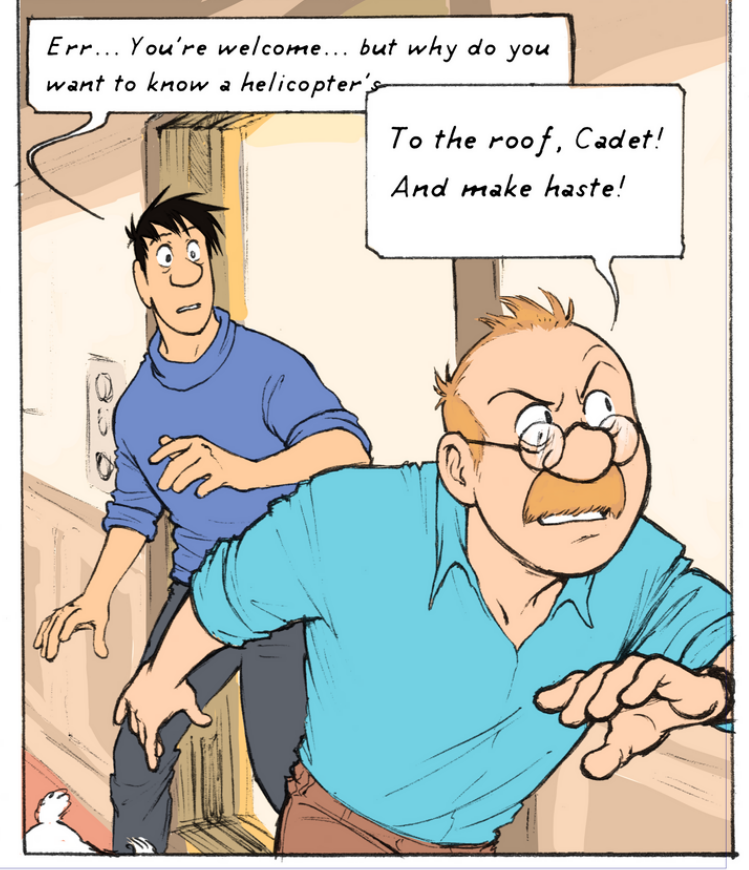

"--and many interesting conversations! He's even shown genuine interest in what I have to say and what my opinion on various matters is. Heck, at times I've even felt quite useful...!"
Merchant marine, eh? Deck crew, I assume... What rank?
Engine crew, sir. I was a cadet.

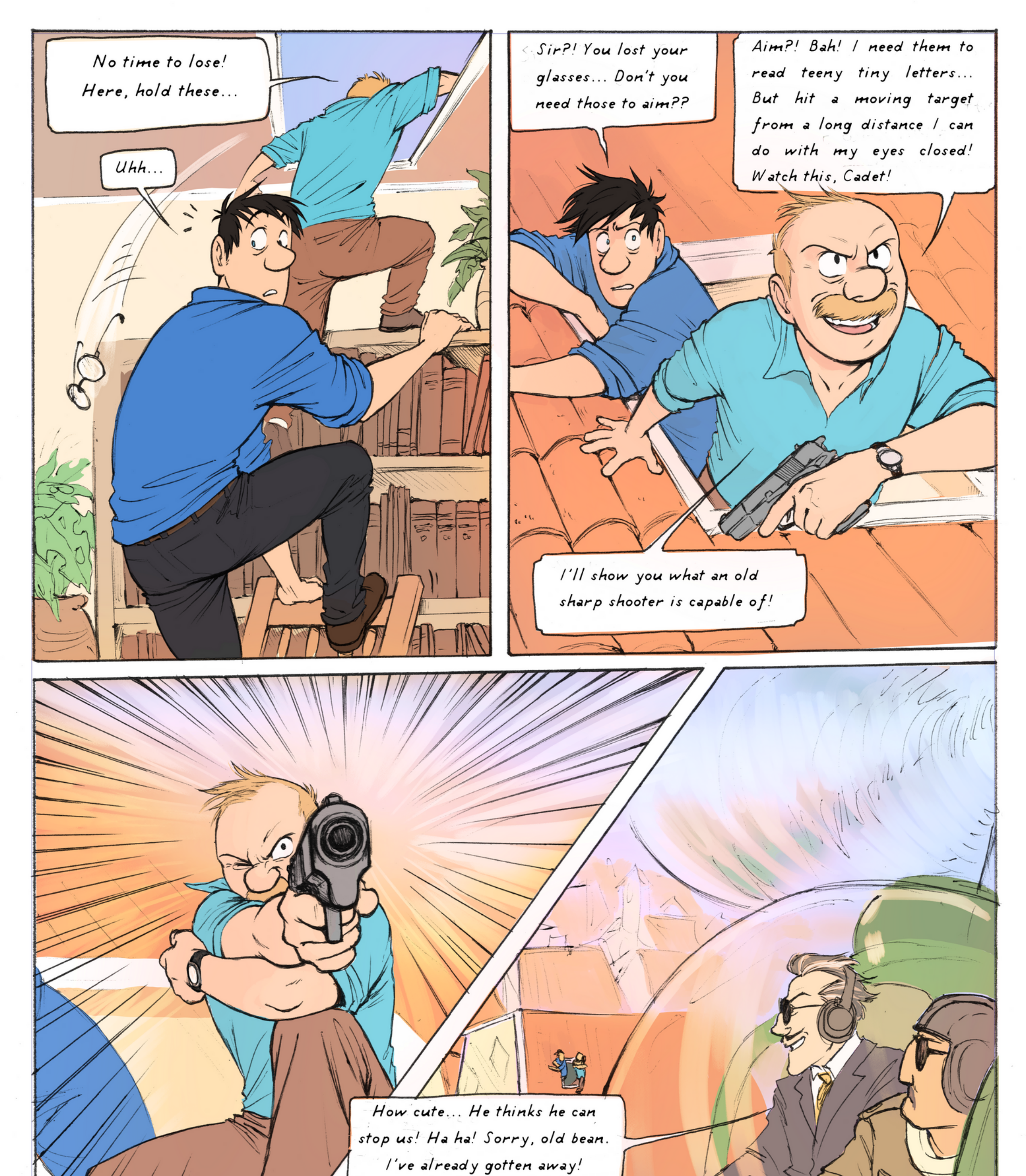

Engine?! Didn't you say you wanted to be a captain, like your ancestors? Then why join the engine crew? ... You're not colorblind, are you...?
"Perfect vision" sir, so no, it's not that... And I can still change paths and become a captain later in life...

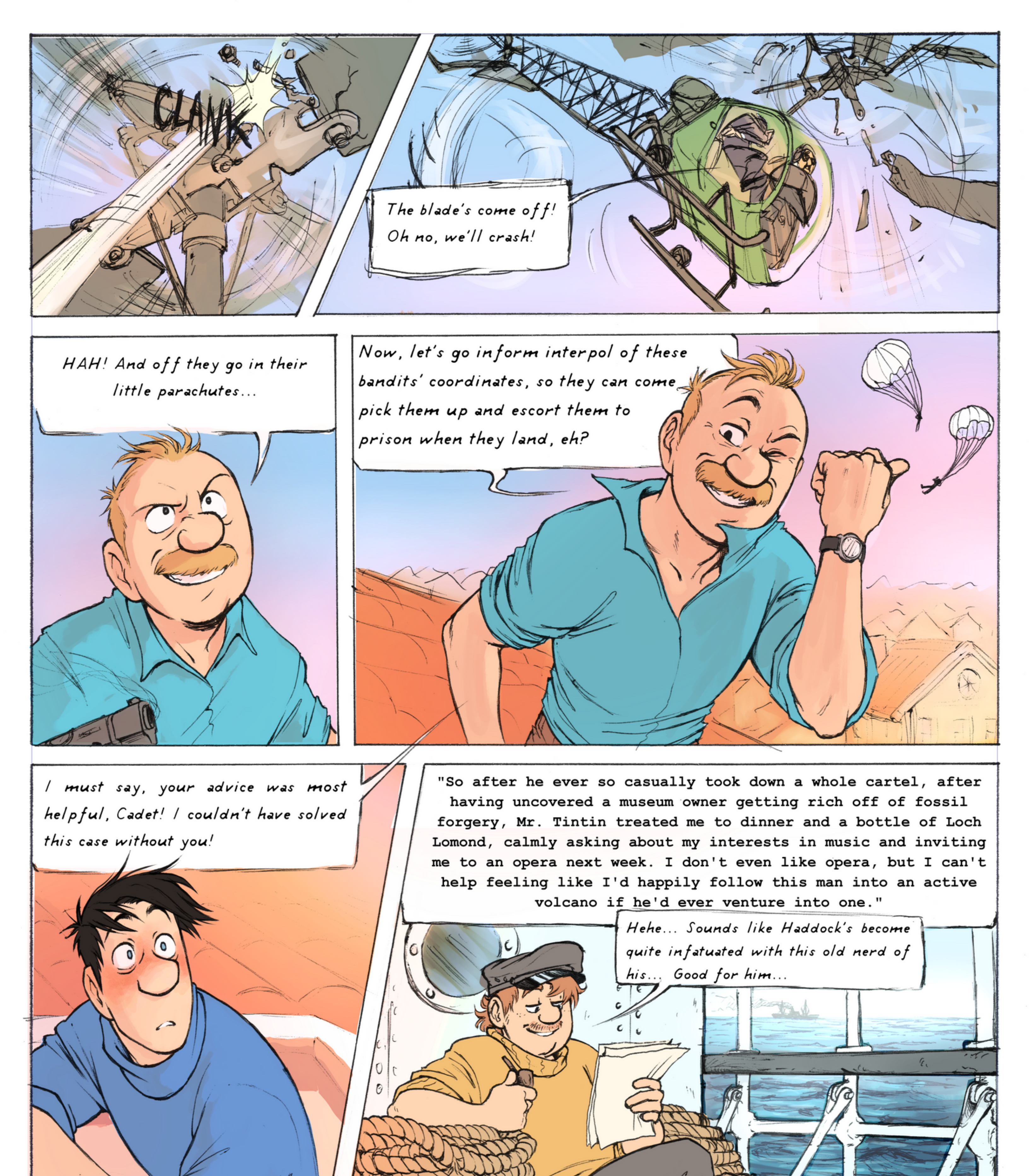

...But I'm quite good with machines! I enjoy working with them, and besides... when I manage to repair something, it... well...
...it makes me feel like less of a failure
That's deep, Cadet...


Now, in your expert opinion... Where would you say a 9mm round could do the most damage to an airborne Bell 47 on a longer distance?
What?
Where would you say a helicopter's weak spot is?


Well... The hub, I suppose. Break one of those hinges and the whole thing goes off balance...
Excellent... Thanks, Cadet!


Err... You're welcome... but why do you want to know a helicopter's
To the roof, Cadet! And make haste!


No time to lose! Here, hold these...
Uhh...
Sir?! You lost your glasses... Don't you need those to aim??
Aim?! Bah! I need them to read teeny tiny letters... But hit a moving target from a long distance I can do with my eyes closed! Watch this, Cadet!
I'll show you what an old sharp shooter is capable of!
How cute... He thinks he can stop us! Ha ha! Sorry, old bean. I've already gotten away!



CLANK
The blade's come off! Oh no, we'll crash!
HAH! And off they go in their little parachutes...
Now, let's go inform interpol of these bandits' coordinates, so they can come pick them up and escort them to prison when they land, eh?
I must say, your advice was most helpful, Cadet! I couldn't have solved this case without you!
"So after he ever so casually took down a whole cartel, after having uncovered a museum owner getting rich off of fossil forgery, Mr. Tintin treated me to dinner and a bottle of Loch Lomond, calmly asking about my interests in music and inviting me to an opera next week. I don't even like opera, but I can't help feeling like I'd happily follow this man into an active volcano if he'd ever venture into one."
Hehe... Sounds like Haddock's become quite infatuated with this old nerd of his... Good for him...

CONTRIBUTOR INFO:

NAME: BEX
PRONOUNS: SHE/HER
SOCIAL: TUMBLR: HELDENHERZCHEN

INTERVIEW QUESTIONS:

- HOW DID YOU BECOME A FAN OF TINTIN?

MY MOTHER ACTUALLY LET ME BORROW HER OLD COMICS THAT SHE USED TO COLLECT HERSELF. I WAS STILL SMALL AND ONLY ENJOYED THE PICTURES BUT WAS PRETTY TAKEN BY THE ART-STYLE AND THE ADVENTUROUS LIFE TINTIN AND HADDOCK LIVED.

- WHO ARE YOUR FAVOURITE CHARACTERS FROM THE SERIES?

DEFINITELY THOMPSON AND THOMSON. (BESIDES THE TINTIN & HADDOCK, OF COURSE!)

- WHAT IS ONE OF THE MOST MEMORABLE MOMENTS IN THE SERIES FOR YOU?

EVERYTHING ABOUT "CIGARS OF THE PHARAOH". FROM THE INTRODUCTIONS OF RASTAPOPOULOS AND SARCOPHAGUS TO TINTIN AND SNOWY TRYING TO FIGURE OUT THE SYMBOLS. THERE WAS ADVENTURE, ACTION, RIDDLE-SOLVING. I JUST LOVE IT.

- WHAT MADE YOU SHIP HADDOTIN?

TO BE HONEST, IT WAS THE MOVIE "THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN" THAT CAME OUT 2011 THAT MADE ME FALL BACK IN LOVE WITH TINTIN AND MADE ME SEE THE POTENTIAL OF HADDOTIN. I RE-READ THE SERIES AFTER THAT AND JUST COULDN'T UN-SEE IT, HAHA.

- WHAT DO YOU LIKE ABOUT THE CONCEPT OF AGESWAP?

IT'S INTERESTING TO IMAGINE THAT EVEN THOUGH THEY CHANGED AGES, THEY'RE STILL THE SAME PERSONS, SAME CHARACTERS. THEY STILL SHARE THE SAME FASCINATION FOR ADVENTURE - AND FOR EACH OTHER. HADDOCK STILL BEING SMITTEN BY TINTIN AND VICE VERSA.

- IS THERE SOMETHING YOU WOULD LIKE TO SAY ABOUT YOUR WORK FOR THIS ZINE TO THE READERS?

I HAD THIS CLEAR PICTURE IN MY MIND: TINTIN TRYING TO CATCH UP ON A BOOK, ON SOME RESEARCH, AND HADDOCK TRYING HIS BEST TO GAIN HIS ATTENTION. TRYING TO COAX HIM OUT OF HIS OFFICE. (MAYBE FOR SOME ADVENTURE.. :))


BEX.

CONTRIBUTOR INFO:



NAME: SEER M. ANNO
PRONOUNS: SHE/HER
SOCIAL: SEERSTELLA (TUMBLR, AO3)

INTERVIEW QUESTIONS:

- HOW DID YOU BECOME A FAN OF TINTIN?

MY MOTHER IS A BIG FAN OF THE COMICS AND INTRODUCED ME TO THE COMICS AND THE 1990S NELVANA SERIES WHEN I WAS LITTLE. ONE OF MY EARLIEST CHILDHOOD MEMORIES IS READING THE BLACK ISLAND. THE REST IS HISTORY.

- WHO ARE YOUR FAVOURITE CHARACTERS FROM THE SERIES?

I USED TO HAVE A BIG CRUSH ON TINTIN WHEN I WAS LITTLE, BUT THE OLDER I GET, THE MORE I RELATE TO HADDOCK. CALCULUS AND CASTAFIORE COME CLOSE AS MY FAVORITE SUPPORTING CHARACTERS. I ALSO HAVE A SOFT SPOT FOR SNOWY, ESPECIALLY WHEN HE WAS VOICED BY ANDREW SACHS (FROM THE FAWLTY TOWERS FAME) IN THE BBC RADIO ADAPTATION.

- WHAT IS ONE OF THE MOST MEMORABLE MOMENTS IN THE SERIES FOR YOU?

HADDOCK WANTING TO SACRIFICE HIMSELF FOR TINTIN BY CUTTING THE ROPE IN TIBET IS DEFINITELY THE ONE FOR ME.

- WHAT MADE YOU SHIP HADDOTIN?

WHAT MAKES ME SHIP THEM? I DON'T THINK I HAVE AN EXACT ANSWER. DO YOU KNOW THE SAYING "I SHIP THEM BEFORE I KNOW WHAT SHIP IS"? THAT'S THEM TO ME. WELL, I THINK I'M DRAWN TO THEIR DYNAMIC, THEIR BANTERING, AND THEIR CHEMISTRY IN GENERAL. I CAN SHIP THEM BOTH PLATONICALLY AND ROMANTICALLY AND THEY WORK JUST FINE.

- WHAT DO YOU LIKE ABOUT THE CONCEPT OF AGESWAP?

I WILL BE HONEST AND SAY IT'S NOT MY NUMBER ONE CUP OF TEA, BUT IT'S VERY INTERESTING TO SEE WHETHER THE DYNAMIC IS ALSO SWAPPED OR STAY THE SAME. IT'S QUITE A CHALLENGE, IF YOU ASK ME.

- IS THERE SOMETHING YOU WOULD LIKE TO SAY ABOUT YOUR WORK FOR THIS ZINE TO THE READERS?

THANK YOU FOR READING. I'M DELIGHTED FOR THE CHANCE TO EXPLORE THE POSSIBILITIES THAT COME FROM AGESWAPPING THE CHARACTERS. I HOPE YOU ENJOYED READING IT AS MUCH AS I ENJOYED WRITING IT.

Forever Young (or The Things You Do for Love)

Seer M. Anno

Tintin hates himself as he ages. Haddock, his young confidant, comes up with something... with an unexpected ally.

Tintin hated himself.

He would never tell this to anyone, but he did. He started to avoid the mirror, because he couldn't stand his own reflection. He loathed seeing wrinkles under his eyes, a sign that he was getting older as he turned fifty last January. His logical side sometimes won, sometimes lost over the overthinking that he was not someone worthy of merit, someone that couldn't be sent all over the world to do any exciting stuff anymore.

That was also why he started avoiding his own study, even though his Rue de Labrador apartment was not spacious and he could still see his desk from wherever he was in that place. Yes, he hadn't written anything of substance for weeks.

Of substance.

And so, when he received a call from one of the Thompson detectives, he found himself dashing to the place they asked him to come. As he made his way there, he tried his best to dwell in the excitement he used to feel when he was an investigative reporter and not the nagging thought of *the only people asking for your help are the inept detectives half your age*.

**

When Tintin arrived at the port and saw the two detectives practically falling over themselves to get to him first, he felt like he was home. Snowy barked joyfully next to him, as if echoing his sentiment. The ship they stood nearby was called *Trinity*, and it was a passenger ship for lower and middle-class people. This was why he didn't expect a certain name that came up involved in this matter.

"What's going on here?" he asked, trying to sound as neutral as possible. But tried as he might, he couldn't erase the excited smile from his ~~wrinkled~~ face.

Thomson managed to approach him first and they met right next to the ramp that led to the ship. He fixed his hat as Tintin pulled out his notebook. "There has been a robbery!"

"To be precise," Thompson added, slightly out of breath, "a robbery of a has-been!"

"A has-been?" A familiar voice suddenly yelled from above them. Tintin looked up and saw Haddock peeking his head out from the deck, his clean-shaven face slightly red. "Don't let her hear you!"

The detectives' hands flew to each other's mouths as Tintin waved at his friend. "Hi there, Captain!"

The young sailor frowned, obviously irritated, but gestured at the three of them to board the ship. When Tintin stood right in front of him, he started to rant, uncaring at the fact that the reporter was fifteen years older than him. "How many times I have to tell you, stop calling me that! I'm not the captain!"

Tintin merely threw him a lopsided smile. "Well, there's nothing better than being optimistic, Captain."

"Boulderdash! It's not like you are–" Haddock grumbled, but gave up since he knew that Tintin was a lost cause. "Listen, I'm glad you came. I'll be happy to call you myself, but I was caught up with things... anyway, did the twinsies tell you what happened?"

None of the detectives said anything when they called earlier, which was not something Haddock would be happy to hear about. Tintin almost shook his head, but instead settled on a more diplomatic way to reply. "I'd like to hear your version, Captain."

Fortunately, Haddock fell for it. He even seemed flattered by the way Tintin pulled out his notebook and pen, as if he had waited to be interviewed. "The *captain* of this ship," he began, intentionally pressing the second word. "Got a report of someone stealing a jewelry box that belongs to Castafiore."

"Castafiore?"

"Castafiore," Haddock repeated, this time in a more resigned manner. "Why that castrol oil is in this ship, I will never know."

"Why didn't you call the police?"

"Excuse me, but we *are* the police," Thompson suddenly piped up, his partner nodding excitedly next to him. "And as the police, we are responsible of any possible crime that happens in this area!"

Tintin and Haddock exchanged a look and the latter shrugged. "See why I wanted you over here?" he whispered.

"I understand." Tintin looked at the detectives. "If you don't mind, I'd like to help you."

Thomson threw him a look that Tintin couldn't miss, but Haddock intervened before anyone else could speak. "Of course they don't mind, these two youngsters," he declared, throwing his arms around their shoulders, his clean-shaven jolly expression contrasting their identical frowns. "After all, a bit of experienced help won't ruin anything. Right?"

"Y-yes, of course," Thompson stammered. Being the youngest in the group, the detectives saw no way out. "We appreciate your help, Mr. Tintin."

Tintin nodded, a bit solemn. Haddock's words echoed in his mind.

Experienced.

While it was a compliment, Tintin couldn't help but to remember the letter he left at his study. A letter sent by the newspaper where he worked at, where he was told to write two short paragraphs about the local fair to be put in the small corner of tomorrow's edition. The *smallest* column in the whole newspaper.

Experienced means aged, and aged means expendable.

But then Haddock patted his shoulder, gesturing to him to go with the young detectives. Tintin returned to the real world and followed them down the small corridor.

**

The thief was pretty smart. It was Tintin's first impression. They left almost no clue to be followed up because the whole room was almost spotless. The only change there was a gap on the makeshift vanity, where the chest should've been.

Irma just regained consciousness when Tintin appeared in Castafiore's room. She looked at him meekly from where she was sitting on the bed, not used to the fact that he was there to interrogate her. Or maybe the way Thompson and Thomson standing on the other side of the doorframe, like a pair of skinny bodyguards, bothered her for some reason.

"Miss Irma," Tintin began, pulling the chair to her bedside so he could sit next to her. "Are you feeling better?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Can I ask you some questions?"

"Will this be in the newspaper?"

"Don't worry about it." After she nodded, Tintin continued. "Can you tell me what happened?"

"I was sleeping here when I heard something. I woke up and there was a man!" She pointed at the vanity. "Over there! I didn't know what exactly happened until I realized the box was missing! Oh, I don't want to lose my job! But I swear I didn't know what happened! Help me, Mr. Tintin! Help me!"

She was now crying in fear and Tintin let her calm down for a while. "How did he look?" he finally asked when she was no longer sobbing like a baby.

"He was so fast. I couldn't see his face clearly. But he has a beard, that's what I can see. Dressed in all-black."

"Miss Irma," Thompson suddenly spoke from behind them. "There's something that bothers us. What exactly are you doing here?"

"To be precise, you're here doing what exactly?"

Irma gazed at Tintin quizzically and he interpreted it for her. "I think what the detective means is why are you and Castafiore taking this ship instead of a cruise." When the detectives hummed in approval, Tintin felt a surge of pride. "After all, this ship isn't luxurious."

"Oh. She is with the professor," Irma replied.

"Professor Calculus is here?" *Because if there's someone who could make* Castafiore *take a regular passenger ship like this one, that's definitely Professor Cuthbert Calculus.*

She nodded. "He is studying the oil used in this ship and she wants to accompany him. At first, we're supposed to take the cruise, but she insists on coming with him. So, we left Mr. Wagner with the cruise and we went with this one."

"Does Professor Calculus know about this?" Thomson asked.

"I don't know. Maybe she told him."

"Alright." Tintin stood. "Take some rest, Miss Irma. We'll look into it."

"Indeed!" the detectives declared in unison and left the room one by one before Tintin or Irma could answer.

**

Assuming that Thompson and Thomson are going around asking other people, Tintin decided to do his own questioning. Despite knowing this would end up quite ridiculously, he decided to go to his other friend.

"Tintin!" Calculus greeted with a friendly grin when he met him on the deck. They shook hands warmly and the professor bent down to pat Snowy a few times. "How are you?"

"Good, thank you. Can I ask you something?"

"Eating? No, thanks. I had my breakfast already." He looked around. "You should ask my dear Bianca. She doesn't want to eat anything today." Tintin only tilted his head, waiting for him to elaborate. "She seems sad."

"Do you know why?"

"I certainly don't think she's shy." Calculus threw him an odd look. "The last time I saw her, she was talking with a bearded man. I don't know who that is. But if he makes her sad, I will..." He curled his fists in a supposedly threatening manner.

"Where did you last see her?"

"Older? We're the same age, Tintin. Don't be ridiculous," he admonished. "And like I said, I couldn't see his face, but he looks like..." Calculus suddenly pointed somewhere behind Tintin. "*That*."

Tintin turned and saw a silhouette of a tall man, dressed in black, walking past them. He immediately rushed towards him, only to lose his sight. But then he noticed one of the doors was swinging and quickly went to it.

It revealed the stairs and led down, straight to the kitchens. Tintin almost bumped into some of the cooks, who threw him annoyed looks as he tried to navigate his way to the end of the room. He was too focused on what he was doing to the point he *actually* hit someone.

"Thundering typhoons!"

The words made Tintin stop. "Captain!"

Haddock blushed at the word as his crew mates sniggered around him. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm chasing..." Tintin trailed off. "Nevermind."

"That *bambino*'s a captain?" someone spoke up. "Is he kidding?"

Haddock glared at the cook who spoke and gazed at Tintin. "Let's go."

Tintin obliged and they found themselves in an empty corridor. Haddock leaned against the wall, his navy blue pullover contrasting the gray walls and the white outfit worn by most of the cooks. "What are you doing down here?"

"I'm looking for someone. Both Irma and Calculus described the same person. Dressed in black and with a beard."

Haddock rubbed his chin, thinking. Tintin noticed a few hairs on his cheeks and wondered if he was shaving when he heard the commotion. "I don't see anyone like that around here. Are you sure you saw him?"

"Yes, I am!" Tintin exclaimed and then jumped from the fierceness of his own voice. "I'm sure *so stop asking!*"

Silence. Haddock only stared at him in surprise so Tintin scrambled for an apology that was honest. "Sorry, Captain. I got carried away."

"Don't worry." The young sailor lifted his hands. "I'll leave it to you, then."

With that, they parted ways. Snowy looked back and forth at them before deciding to follow his master. Tintin was too worked up in this case to notice.

**

When Tintin found Captain Durand in his cabin, the detectives were already there. The man fixed him with a tired gaze. "I have spoken with the cops, in case you want to pester me again," he said irritatingly.

"What do you know?" Tintin asked the detectives instead.

"That he's mad someone's messing in his ship."

"To be precise, someone's mess makes him mad!"

Captain Durand shifted his annoyed look to them and Tintin could see why. "Do you have any idea who could've done it?" he asked to focus on the matter.

"No. Maybe that guy's running away already. We have been here for five hours. Won't be surprised if he's gone."

"That says it!" Thomson declared. "We'll look at the area surrounding this ship!" They both flicked their hats as a sign of respect for them. "Captain, Tintin."

They left before Tintin and the ship's captain could reply. The latter stood from his bunk and looked out the window. "They really left," he said, chuckling. "Thank God."

Tintin looked at him, puzzled. "What?"

"I don't really want to tell them. But *you*, on the other hand..." Durand slowly smiled at him. "You're famous. If you can catch whoever did this, I can turn this ordeal into a nice mystery game for future passengers of *Trinity*."

"What do you mean?"

"Will you write something about it in exchange for a tip?"

That picked Tintin's curiosity and the thought of writing something *interesting* made him happy. "I'll do my best."

**

Tintin left the captain's cabin with a bit of more information. It wasn't much, but it gave him more insight on what was going on.

The bearded man wasn't one of his men. Durand didn't know him, but apparently he had access to the crew and their cabins, which was interesting. Tintin found himself sitting alone on the deck, reading over the names written in the book.

"I think he's pretty young," Durand had said as he gave Tintin the book, which was a list of his crews' names. "No, I didn't see him but I heard someone calling him kid or something."

Tintin stopped when he reached the end of the list. He frowned and ran through the names once again.

Then he froze as realization hit him.

He didn't have time to react to that when he heard a clicking noise in the otherwise quiet ship, startling him back to reality. He turned sharply and saw the bearded man, slipping out from one of the doors.

"Wait!" Tintin yelled, jumping to his feet. Snowy followed suit and they rushed down the deck, chasing the man all around the ship. "Wait!"

And during the chase, Tintin *lived*.

He felt like he was young again, chasing over criminals that deserved their punishment. He felt adrenaline rushing into his veins, pumping blood all over his body, making him forget his aging body and the aches that would definitely follow after this.

He was *alive*. He was *happy*! *What a wonderful life!*

"Gotcha!" He jumped right to the man's back, pinning him to the ground. The box in the thief's hand slid on the floor and stopped a few feet from them, standing against the wall.

The first strange thing he noticed was the fact that Snowy didn't attack at all. Instead he was jumping up and down and wagging his short white tail, as if knowing who that was. *Why?*

"You got me," the bearded man groaned from under him. His voice was familiar.

Tintin grabbed the back of the man's pullover and noticed another strange thing: it wasn't black. It was navy blue, but dark enough to be mistaken as black from afar.

What?

"Billions of blue blistering barnacles! You can get off me now!"

Still gripping the pullover, Tintin sat up and let Haddock do the same. With his other hand, he reached the box and saw Bianca Castafiore's name carved on the lid. Even without the name, it was a luxurious box enough to fit her taste.

"Captain, what–"

"I'm not running away, so you can let me go."

With a nod, Tintin did, but he was still shocked by the whole ordeal. "Why did you steal the box, Captain?"

Haddock stared at him and pulled the fake beard off, sighing. "Open it, Tintin."

Tintin obliged and saw nothing inside. Nothing but a piece of paper with a very tidy, ladylike handwriting.

Dear Tintin,
If you're reading this, I'd like to congratulate you in person for discovering what Harrock and I are creating. Come see me in my room as soon as you are available.

Bianca

**

"Did the Captain take your jewelry?"

Castafiore scoffed from the sofa she was sitting on. She was now alone; Irma was nowhere to be found. "Do you regard me that lowly, Signor Tintin? As someone who cannot even take care of her own diamonds? Of course not. I lent the box to him as part of the plan. I would say everything went just as planned, which is very good."

"You're behind all this."

"That is too much credit. Padlock came up with most of it, even using those two silly clowns for good measure. He also did all the running, in case you haven't noticed."

"How is it possible?"

Now Castafiore smiled. This time she looked kind, almost pitying him, and Tintin didn't know how to react. He didn't like it, of course, he had seen it on his colleagues, who thought *oh, how the mighty has fallen*. But seeing her, someone he was close to, looking at him like that felt almost unbearable.

"Of course it's possible, darling," she finally answered. "Anything that boils your blood is possible for that young Chopstick."

"But this isn't what I want."

"Then tell me what you want."

Tintin couldn't answer that. *What is it that I want?* Definitely not being tricked to do... whatever Haddock and Castafiore had in mind. But he found himself tongue-tied, and could only stare at her, almost helplessly, as she rose from the chair and walked towards him. She was only two years younger than him, but her presence was intimidating enough, like a mother who was going to scold her son for misbehaving.

"How did you feel?" she asked gently. "How do you feel when you are asking around for answers, running after him, and getting what you want?"

Tintin finally smiled at her. Tired, but genuine. "Exhilarating, Signora."

Castafiore patted his shoulder lightly. "That's exactly what he wants."

"But–"

"No *buts*. That young sailor cares about you. If you have someone like that, who cares about meagre articles and unimportant events that you have to write about?"

"I care." Tintin understood what she meant, but he still wouldn't go down without a fight, something he had missed for so long. He began pacing around the room, anxious and thrilled at the same time. "I care because it's my career and I will not stand and let myself be tricked by this! People may see me as old and unimportant! *Meagre*, like you said! But I will do whatever it takes to make sure I am none of that!"

"I wish Hairlock was here to see this!"

Tintin stopped walking and turned at her. Surprisingly, her smile had widened at the end of his rant. "See what?"

"See how lively you have become now! Oh, the things we do for love!" Before Tintin could answer, she pushed him out of her room not too gently. Snowy followed next to his feet. "I will not take any more of your words, Signor Reporter! I am performing in four hours and I will not spend my time listening to you wallowing in your midlife crisis!"

It didn't take long for her to close the door right in front of his face. Tintin looked away and huffed. He started a brisk walk, wanting to find Haddock, and then stopped.

What should I say to him?

Tintin leaned against the wall and closed his eyes, the nagging feeling returned. *If me feeling alive is based on a lie, is it worth it?*

"Hey."

That familiar voice made Tintin open his eyes. Haddock was standing next to him. He was still in his dark pullover, but he no longer wore the fake beard. He looked something between tired and embarrassed. Tintin watched as he looked around, trying to find words.

"We should talk," Tintin finally spoke up, breaking the silence. "I think you owe me an explanation."

"Yes, yes. You're right. Follow me."

Haddock took Tintin to a small cabin, but it was obvious that it wasn't belonged to a shipmate. It was much more comfortable than the one Tintin saw, especially the one he encountered in Karaboudjan, where he met the young sailor the first time *years* ago. The first things he noticed were Castafiore's empty jewellery box and the fake beard on the table but decided not to talk about it. Not now.

"You're a passanger here." It wasn't a question. "You're not listed as a crew."

"As if I'll work in ships like this cucumber. I'm a cargo man, through and through." Haddock sat on his bunk. He patted the space next to him and Tintin sat down dutifully, feeling exhausted all of a sudden as his age caught up to him. "But how do you know that? I reckon the real captain told you."

"He gave me the crew list. Your name isn't in there." Tintin paused, thinking. "He told me the suspect was pretty young and even though you're thirty-five, one of the cooks called you *bambino*."

"A kid."

"Why are you doing this, Captain?"

"Why do you always call me Captain? You've done that since we first met and I'm not even the First Mate."

It was a question so unexpected that Tintin blurted his answer almost immediately. "Because I want you to be one someday."

"The same goes for me, old landlubber." Tintin gaped at his young friend, who was staring at him solemnly. They had known each other long enough for him to know he was genuine. "I miss you, Tintin. You, with all that *spirit*! I haven't seen it for a while now, ever since you weren't sent to do all those blasted investigations."

"Captain–"

"Gherkin! I'm not done yet!" Haddock yelled, looking more fierce now. "I hate seeing those bashi-bazouk underestimating you in that newspaper office. You only need to say it and I'll tear down those freshwater swabs with my bare hands! And I'm serious!"

"No, Captain. No need for that." Tintin couldn't help but to laugh, relieved that at least someone still had faith in him. "Thank you. I appreciate it," he replied and realized that he meant it. That *Haddock*, his closest confidant, still thought he was *worth it* felt amazing. He couldn't help but to lean forward and gave a small peck on Haddock's cheek. "*I'm* serious. Thank you."

"Good."

"Do you know what still doesn't make sense to me?"

"What?"

"How did you get Castafiore into this?"

"I didn't. That parrot came to me, actually. She noticed that you no longer wrote interesting stuff in the papers anymore. I told her I noticed that, too, and we came up with this plan." Haddock chuckled, looking proud. "Actually *I* came up with it and she arranged the whole stay and all that."

"And the professor?"

"Oh. Yes, yes, that goat. He's the reason we're on this ship. At first, we planned this on her cruise, but since he's doing his research here... she moved the whole thing! Even told that ectoplasm Durand to sneak me in as a fake crew so he can get a mystery game idea!" Haddock's eyes were now filled with wonder. "That siren. I never understand what's in her head."

Tintin did. As he leaned against Haddock and let him pat his shoulder, giving comfort he realized he needed, Castafiore's sing-song voice echoed in his head.

Oh, the things we do for love!

**

Two days had passed since the whole fake robbery case. Castafiore and Calculus had departed, this time to Madrid, and Haddock had gone home. Tintin now found himself in the park near the flea market, reading the newspaper on the bench. One headline caught his attention the most. It was his.

NEW SHIP MYSTERY GAME REVEALED

It wasn't big and in the front page, but it occupied half of the third page (definitely more than a small column) and contained the picture of Durand and Castafiore on the deck of *Trinity*,

who looked extremely pleased to "have her box of jewelry back to her hands". It was enough coverage to advertise the new game and attract more passengers.

"You should write more about things like this, but more seriously," his editor had commented. "To be honest, I always love reading about your investigations. I'll talk to the boss about this. How does that sound?"

Tintin sighed and folded the newspaper. He walked out the park, Snowy following close behind. He still felt a bit down, but remembering the spark, the *feeling* he had when he was in that ship made him smile nonetheless. It was thrilling and fun and Tintin knew he had Haddock to thank for that.

Speaking of Haddock...

Tintin was so busy with his thoughts that he almost didn't realize he'd entered the flea market. It wasn't crowded with people just yet, which explained why he couldn't realize for that long. He decided to sightsee, wondering whether there was something interesting to buy. Maybe books or something to decorate his desk, now that he would spend more time there.

And his eyes stopped at something.

A grin slowly crossed his lips as he examined the replica of a ship inside its glass case, standing mighty and beautifully, with the name UNICORN written on it. It was colorful and very detailed, an ideal gift for man of the sea. *Haddock will absolutely love it.*

"How much is that ship?" he asked the seller. *Because if the future Captain Haddock wants a ship adventure, he shall get one.*

FIN.

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INTERVIEW QUESTIONS:

- HOW DID YOU BECOME A FAN OF TINTIN?

IT'S ALL DIMDIAMOND'S FAULT.

- WHO ARE YOUR FAVOURITE CHARACTERS FROM THE SERIES?

CALCULUS!!! AND HADDOCK OF COURSE!

- WHAT IS ONE OF THE MOST MEMORABLE MOMENTS IN THE SERIES FOR YOU?

WHEN THE CAPTAIN IS WILLING TO SACRIFICE HIMSELF FOR TINTIN'S SAKE WHEN THEY WERE LOOKING FOR CHANG.

- WHAT MADE YOU SHIP HADDOTIN?

DIMDIAMOND DID IT.

- WHAT DO YOU LIKE ABOUT THE CONCEPT OF AGESWAP?

IT'S INTERESTING TO SEE THE ROLES SWITCHING!

- IS THERE SOMETHING YOU WOULD LIKE TO SAY ABOUT YOUR WORK FOR THIS ZINE TO THE READERS?

I WANTED TO SEE A BIT BOSSY TINTIN IN HERE, BUT MAYBE IT'S MORE LIKE A MENTOR TAKING CARE OF THE NEW EMPLOYEE, A HANDSOME ONE.


YACRI
MAGO

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INTERVIEW QUESTIONS:

- **HOW DID YOU BECOME A FAN OF TINTIN?**

I BECAME A FAN OF TINTIN WHEN I WAS TEN. MY SCHOOL WAS ORGANIZING SOME KIND OF READING CONTEST, WHERE THE STUDENT THAT READ THE MOST BOOKS, IN A MONTH COULD WIN PRIZES. OF COURSE, THERE WAS A BOOK LIST, AND EXPLORERS ON THE MOON WAS PART OF IT, (I'M FRENCH, SO TINTIN'S A VERY BIG ICON IN MY COUNTRY). I REALIZED THAT, THANKS TO MY MOM THIS COMIC WAS A SEQUEL OF ANOTHER ONE. SO MY FIRST TINTIN BOOK WAS DESTINATION MOON, I LOVED IT SO MUCH... THAT I READ THE WHOLE SAGA IN A WEEK, AND IF YOU ARE WONDERING IF I WON THE PRIZE, NAH, I WAS A LAZY KID.

- **WHO ARE YOUR FAVOURITE CHARACTERS FROM THE SERIES?**

MY FAVOURITE CHARACTERS ARE HADDOCK, RASTAPOPOULOS, BIANCA, AND NESTOR.

- **WHAT IS ONE OF THE MOST MEMORABLE MOMENTS IN THE SERIES FOR YOU?**

CERTAINLY THE WHOLE FLY 714 STORY, ESPECIALLY THE MOMENTS WHERE RASTAPOPOULOS AND ALLAN WERE RIDICULED. I LOVED THEIR DYNAMIC. BUT THE BEST SCENE IS STILL THE ONE WHERE CALCULUS BEAT UP CARREIDAS, TRULY ICONIC! ANYWAYS, THE WHOLE STORY FELT LIKE A BIG SHITPOST ;)

- **WHAT MADE YOU SHIP HADDOTIN?**

IN MY EARLY TEEN YEARS, I DISCOVERED FANFICTIONS! MAYBE I WAS A BIT YOUNG FOR SOME "AWKWARD" READINGS, BUT IT MADE ME RELATE TO THE MAIN CHARACTERS OF MY CHILDHOOD COMIC. I WAS A CLOSETED GAY IN MIDDLE SCHOOL AND SEEING MY FAVOURITE HEROES GETTING MODERNIZED BY PEOPLE AND BEING HAPPY TOGETHER, MADE ME FEEL SOME KIND OF EUPHORIA.

- **WHAT DO YOU LIKE ABOUT THE CONCEPT OF AGESWAP?**

I LIKE THAT AN AGESWAP CAN TOTALLY CHANGE A UNIVERSE, BY ALTERING THE CHARACTER'S PERSONALITIES. LIKE OF COURSE TINTIN IS DIFFERENT, SINCE HE IS OLDER, HE LIVED MORE THINGS THAN THE ORIGINAL ONE... AND NATURALLY... IT'S ALSO INTERESTING TO AGE A BIT A FIGURE THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE YOUNG FOREVER.

- **IS THERE SOMETHING YOU WOULD LIKE TO SAY ABOUT YOUR WORK FOR THIS ZINE TO THE READERS?**

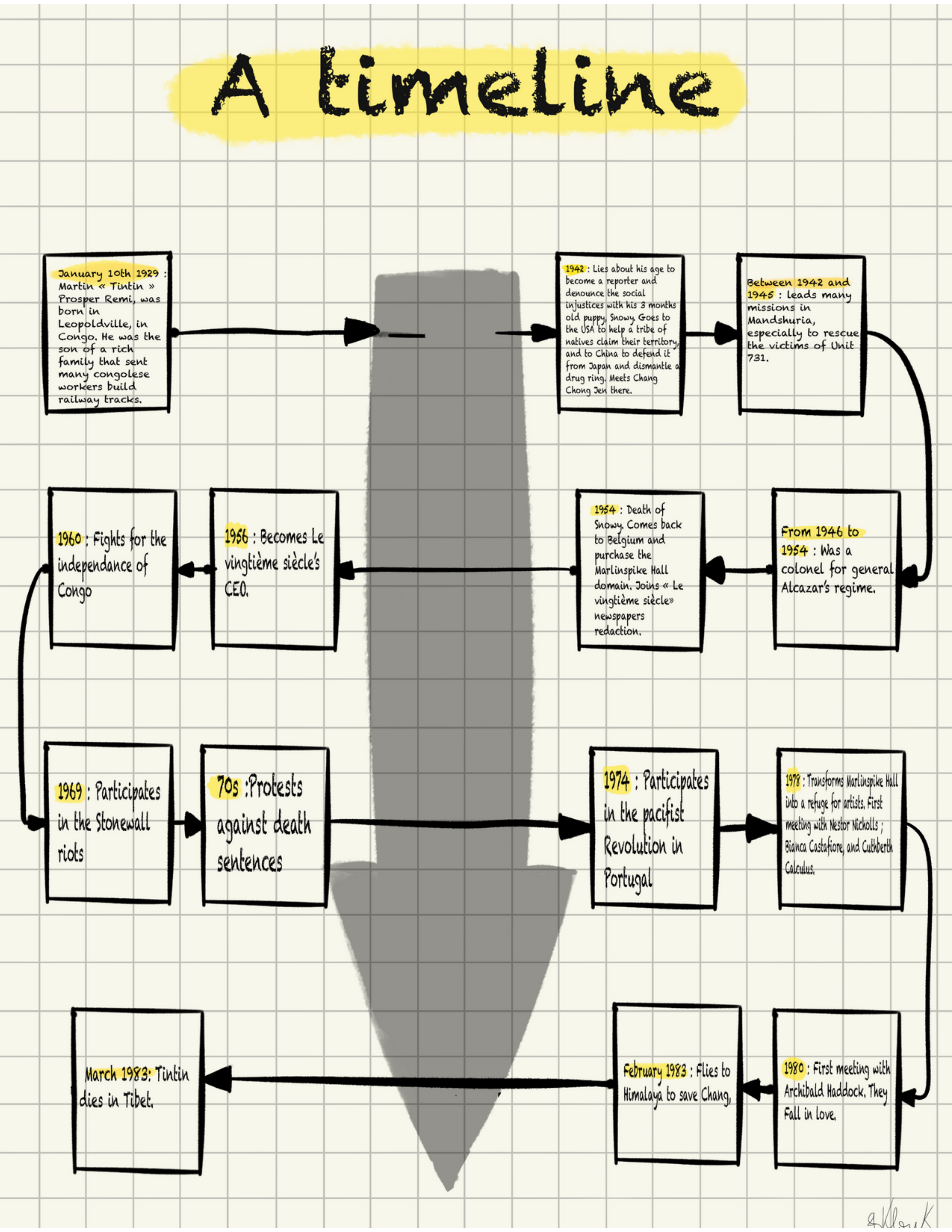
WELL I SAW THIS ZINE AS AN OPPORTUNITY... BECAUSE IT'S THE FIRST ONE I'M WORKING ON, AND IT'S A NEW EXPERIENCE... PLUS, I'M VERY GLAD TO WORK WITH OTHER TINTIN FANS, SINCE THEY ARE PRETTY DIFFICULT TO FIND, ACTUALLY (THEY'RE LIKE SHINY POKÉMON). IN SUMMARY, I'M PROUD TO DO THAT, AND I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE HOW THIS PROJECT WILL GROW!


PARIS
FLASH
It's been twenty years...
A TINTIN RETROSPECTIVE
(1929–1983)
WRITTEN BY KLOUK

Table of contents






A timeline
January 10th 1929 : Martin « Tintin » Prosper Remi, was born in Leopoldville, in Congo. He was the son of a rich family that sent many congolese workers build railway tracks.
1942 : Lies about his age to become a reporter and denounce the social injustices with his 3 months old puppy, Snowy. Goes to the USA to help a tribe of natives claim their territory, and to China to defend it from Japan and dismantle a drug ring. Meets Chang Chong Jen there.
Between 1942 and 1945 : leads many missions in Mandshuria, especially to rescue the victims of Unit 731.
From 1946 to 1954 : Was a colonel for general Alcazar's regime.
1954 : Death of Snowy. Comes back to Belgium and purchase the Marlinspike Hall domain. Joins « Le vingtième siècle» newspapers redaction.
1956 : Becomes Le vingtième siècle's CEO.
1960 : Fights for the independance of Congo
1969 : Participates in the Stonewall riots
70s :Protests against death sentences
1974 : Participates in the pacifist Revolution in Portugal
1978 : Transforms Marlinspike Hall into a refuge for artists. First meeting with Nestor Nicholls ; Bianca Castafiore, and Cuthberth Calculus.
1980 : First meeting with Archibald Haddock. They Fall in love.
February 1983 : Flies to Himalaya to save Chang.
March 1983: Tintin dies in Tibet.

Which causes did Tintin defend?

His first big fight was against colonialism. It is the thing that pushed him to become a reporter in the first place. By choosing this career, he could denounce what was going on in Congo, the country where he grew up. He always fought against racism in general, defending many oppressed communities: Chinese against European and Japanese hate or Black peoples rights, regarding modern human trafficking. We can also talk about the fact that he standed against death sentences and torture or when he became a representative for the gay community, posing and giving a lot of interviews for magazines like Gai pied. Let us not forget the many actions he took against animal cruelty (especially during safaris that were common in Congo),

in memory of his childhood dog Snowy, who was his traveling companion in the beginning of his adventures.

In summary, over the decades, Tintin became a real political icon. He defended General Alcazar (president of San Theodoros), as one of his colonels, even made sure that King Muskar of Syldavia stayed on the throne by finding his lost sceptre, or took again Syldavia's side during the Bordurian-Syldavian space race.

He once declared to « Le Monde » (a French newspaper):

« I was born to take risks and do the right thing ! »

Corentin <<Coco>> Malou and Tintin.

Chang and Snowy.

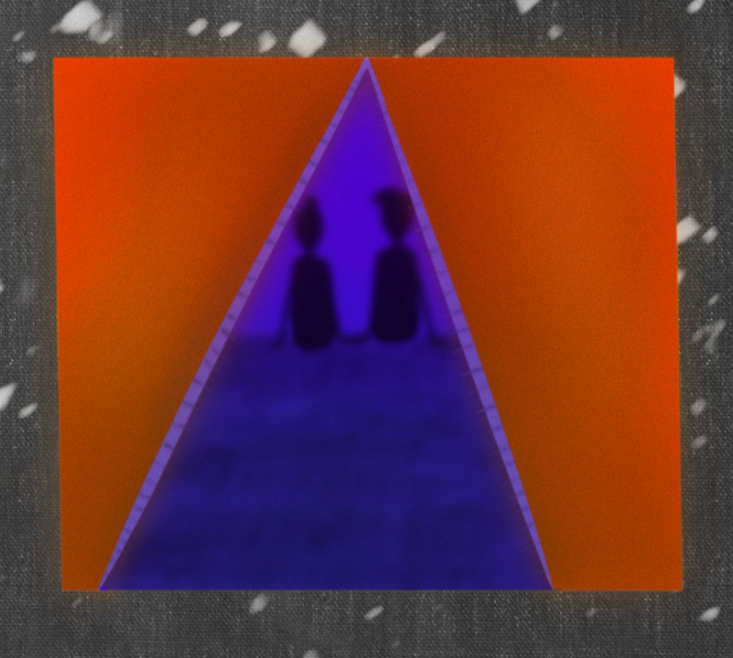
Colonel Tintin.

Tintin, A. Haddock, and C. Calculus.

« I still remember that day, as it was yesterday… »
- Archibald Haddock

WHAT HAPPENED IN 1983?

Everything went so fast for the reporter. He only needed to read the newspapers and learn about the plane with his friend Chang inside, crashing, to immediately pack his bags ang go to Tibet with his companion, Haddock. A few weeks after the expedition's debut, he fell off a cliff he was climbing, and managed to be hung by the rope, that was protecting him and the other young man. To protect his partner, he took the brave decision to cut it. The fall immediately killed him and his body was never found. As for Chang, Haddock decided to continue to look for him, even after Tintin's death and managed to bring him home alive, showing that there was not only one hero here.






A. Haddock
« Our relationship was quite peculiar. »
We are in luck. Mr Arcibald Haddock, Tintin's former boyfriend agreed to give us an interview. As the only romantic partner he ever had, we could understand more this figure who remained ambiguous for his whole life.
Written by Christopher Willoughby-Drupe
Photos taken or chosen by Marco Rizotto

«They were the friends to lovers trope…»

- Nestor Nicholls

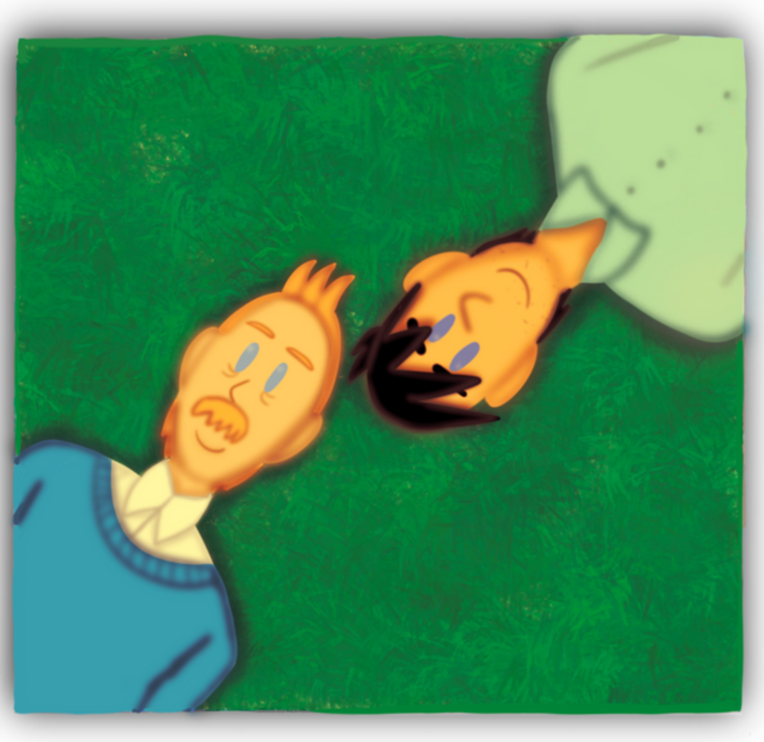
1. Introduce yourself. (My name is Archibald Haddock, I am the current owner of Marlinspike Hall, for I was Tintin's partner for 3 years.)

2. What is your current job ? (I don't have a precise job. Let's just say that I'm a freelance artist. I run a few projects. Paintings, statues, experimental films… Anything goes!)

3. How did you meet Tintin? (It was in 1980. I was still pretty much a cadet on a ship called Karaboudjan. I have heard from people of my family that we used to own that domain. So I went to visit this refuge for artists, and that's how I saw him for the first time in real life)

4. You say « in real life ». Have you heard of him before meeting him ? (Who didn't ? He was everywhere in the newspapers at that time.)

5. What was your first impression when you met him? (I was a bit wary because... he looked like a hypocrite. A very nice person that could backstab you anytime. I don't know why I thought that... I guess I wasn't very self-confident back then.



6. When did you two start to get along ? (When we got my boss, (Captain Allan Thompson) arrested for opium trafficking. That Allan man was mistreating me, so I started to respect Tintin from there.)

7. You started to live with him pretty early. (You two were just beginning to be friends) How did that happen ? (During the whole Allan Thompson affair. I first lost my job (heh... he was still my boss) , then my left arm got badly injured…... Tintin asked me to stay to be polite,at first. My arm healed there. I could have left the house after that. But I met special people there.)

8. Tell more about this people. (First we have Nestor, who is still here with me. I remember that he just started his job as a butler, when I arrived. He's a pretty nice guy, and he surprisingly has humor. At first... I didn't like him because he was talking crap about people in the house. Then I realized I was a douchebag just like him. That's when we became friends. Then you had Cuthberth Calculus. I met him when he was still a student …(did you know that Auguste Picard was his godfather?) he was already deaf too.... That made some of our conversations pretty awkward but he was, and is and still is a kind soul. Then Bianca... before she became famous, she was a bit shy and after her career blew up, she turned into a flamboyant and noisy bird... It wasn't that much of a shock (since she is annoying no matter what).

9. Would you be able to tell who do you prefer? (Come on. They're my friends. I don't have any favorites, but if you ask me, ranked from worst to best: Bianca, Nestor, and Cuthberth, just don't tell them I said that. (Laughs))

10.How did you get used to this artsy environment ? Was that hard for you? (No. Since that's when I discovered painting, I guess that I finally found the place where I belonged. I would spend hours drawing. Tintin taught me)

11.Is that the moment where you two started dating? (That's a bit embarrassing (laughs). Yes…but no. Like it didn't happen immediately, but things definitely began thanks to that. We kissed by accident. I remember that I was in the workshop he gave me. He just wanted to say hi and he did that french/ belgian traditon called « La bise », which is supposed to be one or many (depends of the region) friendly kisses on the cheek. I turned my head during those, so his lips kinda touched mine. It was wonderful and very awkward...)

12.And then you started to go out with him ? (Not really. There was long period where he avoided me, because he was still in the ... he never really dated anyone before me....and he thought that something was wrong with him.. He grew up as a catholic after all. As for me, I knew my sexuality, but we were still in the early 80s.... so that was taboo... he confessed to me after we went on the moon when I almost died because I was trying to have a whisky overdose... That's the one of the two times I've seen him cry...and it confused me... he was always so perfect... you know the kind of perfect that is almost annoying ? He seemed to care about me... and I don't know why but I cried too... and we became inseparable.)

13.What does a romantic relationship with Tintin look like ? (It's quite peculiar... because he wasn't that much of a cuddly person... we never even had anything sexual going on... he tried to find excuses like «You're too young for that » (I was 28), but I'm pretty sure he just wasn't interested by the concept of physical affection... I never blamed him....Because I knew he was insecure about that...and I wanted to respect his boundaries.... I wish he would have listened to me...when I was trying my best to comfort him, but he was stubborn, constantly hating himself. When I thnik about it, our relationship was complicated... cause he was secretive about his feelings and I was moody....our age gap created a distance too (we had different visions of life), and of course the fact he was famous was difficult to handle because he was barely human, and more lika mythical creature. I still wonder why I stayed with him for so long. We were different...and had issues to communicate due to our problems with our emotions...)

«Wait… they were a couple ? »

- Cuthberth Calculus

14. Do you consider this relationship healthy ? (It's more complex than that... we loved each others...really... and we found each others at a time when we were very alone... He thought that no one understood him and I had self-confidence issues because of my former boss, and my parents... it was a comfort relationship if you prefer... we were like a family...and at that time it made us happy.... But it couldn't be perfect forever.... I was living in his shadow, as I was supposed to help hide his relationship with me.... You could tell yourself that it was ridiculous...since he gave interviews for Gai Pied, and that he stood up for gay people... but it was about his own reputation, he never wanted people to discover that he dated a younger man... and I knew that he had body dysmorphia regarding his legs (when you see some of his pictures, you can notice his walking stick)... he was envious of my « good shape »... As for me....the whole hiding thingie made me angry... I thought that he was acting like he was better than anyone else and that he was ashamed of me, just like my parents.)

15.It made you unhappy, right ? He was looking for a youth he lost thanks to his leg's condition and you were looking for hugs and kisses.... But you never gave each others what you wanted. (Very much so but there were good moments... like that time he listened to me talking about my former dream of becoming a sea captain for hours... he always seemed interested in my stories... he gave good advice too...the thing we loved doing together the most was to talk about everything... we did that for entire afternoons, even nights when we were in our tent in the mountains... He was truly facinating when he told me random fun facts... we would also go on walks together... and of course our adventures ! I know deep down that he would have stopped traveling if I wasn't there to carry him on my shoulders when he was tired. And I also realized that we were really lovers when we were away from the world, and not just some unconventional roomates... He could really be himself in those moments, I'm guessing that you never knew for example, that he had very dark humor, or that he liked reading comics or even liked sweets... ? He never showed this side to anyone but me, it was.... rare... and... those were the only moments when we could be happy)...

16. Were you on good terms...before he cut the rope ? (No... actually...but it was because I was very stupid. I was jealous of his friend Chang... I thought that they were having an affair... and that I was a toy for him... I was relucant to go look for this man when his plane crahsed... when I think of that nowadays... I really want to slap my younger self.)

17. You're talking about your last trip together, right ? (Yes, the day he sacrificed himself... saying that he was sorry for everything, that he loved me...that he was useless anyways with his old weak legs and that I would be better off without him. I begged for him to stop, telling him that there was still hope for us... but he told me that... I should remove that weight I had on my shoulders : him... because he made me suffer by his distance...he added that he was ungrateful, when he hid our relationship because I was a better person than him... that he should have give all the love I deserved because it was all thanks to me,if he continued his silly adventures... He thanked me and told me he was proud of me...and he cut the rope. That was the second and last time I've seen him cry.)

18. And after the most traumatic event of your ' life, you still wanted to find Chang ? (Yes... for him... ! There was conflict between us... but I loved him... it was the obvious thing to do).

19. What happened when you came back without Tintin ? (I fell into a deep depression.... I lost like 40 pounds... Of course Bianca, Nestor, Cuthberth and even Chang were there.... But everything felt empty...I remember that the idea of his body lost forever in the snow made me have nightmares for many nights. I was still trying to make plans to improve our communication even if he was gone forever...and then I accepted it).

20. I heard that your relationship with Chang started to improve because of grief, is that so ? (You are right...when he stayed with me to keep me company in Marlinspike Hall...we took time to talk, especially about him. He confessed to me... that he heard a lot about me, beacuse Tintin was talking about me in his letters...I remember crying a lot when he read some excerpts... One time he said that I was the most wonderful peson in the world... He never told me that face to face... I was angry because of that....Why couln't he tell me that proof affection? Was it that complicated for him ? I wanted nothing more than that, did he really love me ? Chang then talked about Tintin's childhood. Apparently he was an effeminate child and his parents dissaproved of that... he never wanted people to see him like that... so, he stopped showing how he felt to society. I never thought that I would only understand him after his death. Chang and I became close friends. Blistering barnacles ! I was even next to his death bed.)

21. Do you still blame Tintin? (No. It's part of the past... and I know that he never hurt me on purpose.)

22.Do you still love him ? (Yes, very much.)

23.Have you dated anyone else ? (No.)

24. Did that relationship made you change for the better ? (Yes. I found my purpose in life thanks to his art tips. Plus, he made me realize I made mistakes on my own and that I should have talked instead of being angry with him in my little grumpy bubble. I then knew that I was immature, because I was misinterpreting him...and finally it made me accept the fact that sometimes relationships just can't work out... because we were looking for comfort but we were suffering too much to give the other what he wanted).

25. A question that may seem intrusive... how did you inherite Marlinspike ? You two couldn't get married. (Oh... he officially adopted me...so I could have the house without having trouble with his family, if something happened. It was pretty common to do that among gay couples, especially in those with a big age gap.)

26.Do you have regrets in your life, in general (not only relationships) ? Like for example, do you regret never becoming a sea Captain or living mostly alone? (Well... the whole communiaction issue ... but you understood that...and as for what you said... no... I don't regret being that old bear in my cave, recieving visits from time to time (because right now most of the residents of the domain are traveling), nor not coming back to the sea... I'm happy doing art, I moved on.)

27. And you also moved on, regarding Tintin ? (It's been twenty years, of course I did).

28. Great! And you told me (off interview)….



«I think he had an impact on each of us.»
- Bianca Castafiore

…that you had a new interesting project. Care to tell our readers what is it ? (Very much so. I am currently working on a documentary, with my friend the artist, Ramo Nash ! It will be a retrospective on Tintin's whole career ! We found an amazing actor for him and even Snowy ! I cant' tell much more, it's still very secret…Well actually I can give you one that won't reveal anything. The young man we took for Tintin's part is a complete stranger… you won't be able to find him with research or by interviewing other actors. He's perfect: the same body type and hair colour, plus the generous nature (he's an excellent P.E teacher). We met at the beach in Ostend. He was comforting a young girl who was crying because her ice cream fell on the ground. He was a revelation! I immediately ran to him to ask him to play in my film… and luckily for me, he accepted! And now we're good colleagues and friends !)

29. Awwww… just friends ? Are you sure that there is not a deeper connection? (Haha… Very….. Funny….. He has a wife and two kids… It's not very reasonable. Besides I'm not interested in him).

30. Alright…. and your friend Ramo Nash? I know that you're single but maybe you did develop a little crush on him? Don't get me……..

….wrong! I only heard rumours…. I am not here to spread them more or draw conclusions. Tell me if that question offends you… I understand if you feel awkward because of me… there is no obligation… So… are you in love with Ramo Rash? (No.)

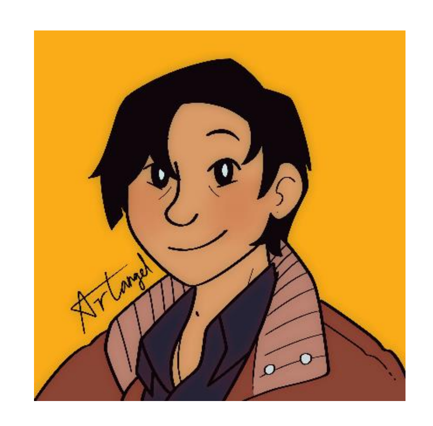
31. Okay thank you for your honest answer. I understand now. He is your teammate. If I understand correctly, you both are this project's director? Who had the idea first ? (It was Ramo's idea… because he saw that it was almost Tintin's death anniversary. He took care of the shooting and I of the casting or even the title).

32. Would you mind telling us that title you chose? (The film is going to be named « It's been twenty years » and I can't wait to show it to the whole world ! It will be broadcasted in ten days on « Arte Belgique » . I hope you'll find this proposition interesting…. I really put my entire soul in it!!)

33. Looks like I have all the answers I needed. Thank you so much for your time Mr Haddock. We will meet again when Paris-Flach's redaction will see the film! Hope it will be a triumph ! (Thank you to you too. and of course to Paris-FLASH, you journalists actually ain't that bad.)



CONTRIBUTOR INFO:



GABBI ILLUSTRATED THE COVER OF THE ZINE AS WELL!

NAME: GABBI
PRONOUNS: THEY/THEM
SOCIAL: @ARTANGEL_GABRIELLE ON IG

INTERVIEW QUESTIONS:

- HOW DID YOU BECOME A FAN OF TINTIN?

HONESTLY.. I'VE SEEN SOME COOL FANART HERE AND THERE, GOT INTRIGUED/CURIOUS ENOUGH TO WATCH THE MOVIE, AND THE NEXT THING I KNOW I'M BINGING THE CARTOON, LISTENING TO THE RADIO DRAMA ON LOOP, AND CRYING TO SOME NEW FRIENDS ABOUT TWO VERY SPECIFIC EPISODES HAHAHAH (TVT)♡

- WHO ARE YOUR FAVOURITE CHARACTERS FROM THE SERIES?

TCHANG AND ZORRINO! ONE HUNDRED PERCENT!! NO OTHER QUESTIONS ASKED!!! TEN OUT OF TEN!!!! MY BELOVEDS!!!! (I SAY AS I PARTICIPATE IN A ZINE FOR TWO COMPLETELY DIFFERENT PEOPLE HAHAHAH)

- WHAT IS ONE OF THE MOST MEMORABLE MOMENTS IN THE SERIES FOR YOU?

I SINCERELY APOLOGIZE TO THE MODS AND EVERYONE ELSE WHO HAVE TO HEAR ME YELL ABOUT THIS FOR THE NTH TIME BUT IT HAS TO BE THE "EITHER WE'RE BOTH SAVED OR WE DIE TOGETHER!" DURING TINTIN IN TIBET.... YES I AM STILL SOBBING ABOUT IT... ಥ‿ಥ

- WHAT MADE YOU SHIP HADDOTIN?

THE QUOTE IN THE PREVIOUS QUESTION AND SAID ARTISTS IN THE FIRST QUESTION DRAWING THEM SO WELL AND.. IF ANYONE KNOWS ME, THEY'D KNOW I AM ALWAYS ONE CREATION AWAY FROM LIKING ANY PIECE OF MEDIA/SHIP.

- WHAT DO YOU LIKE ABOUT THE CONCEPT OF AGESWAP?

IT'S THE DIFFERENT DYNAMICS YOU CAN EXPLORE! I BELIEVE THAT HDTN AND OTHER SHIPS ALREADY HAVE SUCH GREAT DYNAMICS YOU CAN DELVE DEEP INTO IN CANON; SWAPPING THEIR AGES JUST PRESENTS EVEN MORE 'FLAVORS' AND 'TWISTS' TO CHOOSE FROM.. IT'S LIKE LOOKING IN A NEW LENS OF INTERESTING "WHAT IFS" :]

- IS THERE SOMETHING YOU WOULD LIKE TO SAY ABOUT YOUR WORK FOR THIS ZINE TO THE READERS?

AAAA I HOPE EVERYONE WHO READS THIS ENJOYS THE ZINE AS MUCH AS I DID WORKING FOR IT WITH EVERYONE ELSE!!! I DEFINITELY HAD TO PACE MYSELF AND DRAW AT A NORMAL™ SPEED INSTEAD OF VIBRATING AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT AS SOON AS IT WAS ANNOUNCED. I ALSO HOPE THE READERS GET THE REFERENCE/S I MADE IN MY WORK HEHEHEHEHEH. LAST BUT NOT THE LEAST, PLEASE GO GIVE SOME LOVE TO THE OTHER CREATORS OF THIS ZINE!!! IF YOU LIKED THE ZINE AND ANY OF THEIR WORKS SPECIFICALLY, GO TELL AND SUPPORT THEM!!!


!
?!
$#¥&%!
Artangel

CONTRIBUTOR INFO:

NAME: OLIVER
PRONOUNS: SHE/HER
SOCIAL: TUMBLR: TINTINOLOGY;
AO3: OLIVVERIE

OLIVER IS THE MOD OF THIS ZINE!

INTERVIEW QUESTIONS:

- HOW DID YOU BECOME A FAN OF TINTIN?

I NEEDED TO BUY A DAILY PLANNER AND THE ONLY ONE LEFT IN BOOKSTORES AT THE END OF JANUARY WAS THE TINTIN ONE, AND OUT OF CURIOSITY, I DECIDED TO CHECK OUT THE COMICS AND JUST FELL IN LOVE WITH THEM.

- WHO ARE YOUR FAVOURITE CHARACTERS FROM THE SERIES?

HADDOCK! AND SNOWY, ESPECIALLY IN THE EARLIER BOOKS. HIS COMMENTS ALWAYS MAKE ME LAUGH!

- WHAT IS ONE OF THE MOST MEMORABLE MOMENTS IN THE SERIES FOR YOU?

THE DESERT SCENE IN THE CRAB WITH THE GOLDEN CLAWS. I LOVE HOW TINTIN DOESN'T ABANDON HADDOCK DESPITE HAVING JUST MET HIM AND HADDOCK BEING THE REASON THEY'RE IN THE DESERT IN THE FIRST PLACE, AND I LOVE HOW TINTIN'S RESPECT FOR HIM GROWS AS THEY TRAVEL TO BAGGHAR.

- WHAT MADE YOU SHIP HADDOTIN?

THEY HAVE SUCH AN INTERESTING DYNAMIC! TINTIN AND HADDOCK ARE TWO PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN ALONE MOST OF THEIR LIVES, UNTIL THEY MEET AND BECOME ABSOLUTELY INSEPARABLE, TO THE POINT WHERE THEY WOULD DIE FOR EACH OTHER!

- WHAT DO YOU LIKE ABOUT THE CONCEPT OF AGESWAP?

I LIKE THAT IT ALLOWS US TO EXPLORE WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN IF TINTIN HAD SPENT MOST OF HIS LIFE ALONE, AND IF HADDOCK HAD MET TINTIN BEFORE THE ALCOHOL AND DESPAIR GOT A HOLD OF HIM. IT'S ALSO GREAT BECAUSE IT ALLOWS US TO IMAGINE WHAT AN OLDER TINTIN MIGHT BE LIKE, SOMETHING THAT THE COMICS NEVER REALLY ALLOW US TO EXPLORE BY KEEPING TINTIN SENSIBLY THE SAME AGE THROUGHOUT HIS ADVENTURES.

- IS THERE SOMETHING YOU WOULD LIKE TO SAY ABOUT YOUR WORK FOR THIS ZINE TO THE READERS?

ONLY THAT I HOPE THEY ENJOY IT AND ENJOY THE WORK OF ALL THE OTHER CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ZINE. THIS WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE WITHOUT EVERYONE'S HELP AND ENTHUSIASM!

Better Than a Dirty Magazine

olivverie

Haddock comes across an old magazine featuring Tintin and discovers that some of the photos in the related article are… well*. Interesting, to say the least.*

He can understand why Tintin didn't want him to have it.

"Help me look, will you?" Tintin asked as he crouched over a pile of dusty documents. "Jameson said he sold it to the owner of this store, so it *must* be here."

Haddock sighed and began sifting through a box of used books. They were looking for a century-old notebook that Tintin was convinced held the key to a stolen treasure cache hidden somewhere in the city. Its previous owner, a certain Mr. Harold Jameson, had sold it to a shady bookseller, hence their presence in the dark, musty secondhand shop that morning.

"Do you even know what it looks like?" Haddock huffed. "There could be dozens of notebooks in here. How will we know which one is the right one?"

"Jameson said it had the thief's initials embossed in gold on the spine. It shouldn't be that hard to locate."

"And what are those initials?" Haddock wasn't trying to be contrary, not really, but they'd been searching for the notebook for a week now and after several false leads, he was beginning to think they were being toyed with.

"Just *look*," Tintin snapped. He was patient, usually, but even he had his limits.

Haddock rolled his eyes, wondering for the umpteenth time why Tintin always had to go and get himself involved in these investigations when he could be working comfortably from a desk as editor-in-chief. He still couldn't understand why Tintin had turned down the offer when his boss had retired earlier that year. There was no one else more deserving or better suited for the job, in his opinion. And it would have had the added advantage of giving Haddock a break from all these investigations. Investigations that he admittedly participated in of his own free will, because like hell he was going to let Tintin run headlong into danger on his own. But. *But*. That wasn't the point.

Finding no notebooks in the first box, Haddock moved on to a pile of magazines perched precariously close to the edge of a counter. They seemed to be at least fifty years old, and most had salacious illustrations on the cover. Or, well. What would have been considered salacious half a century ago. They were certainly very tame compared to the ones he kept hidden under his bed at Marlinspike. Haddock tried to shift them to a side, in case the notebook was concealed behind them, but they slipped out of his hands and spilled all over his feet. *Great*. He bent down to pick them up and was just about to shove a pile of them back on the counter when he spotted something out of the corner of his eye. It was another magazine from the pile, but unlike the ones in his hands, which all had colorful depictions of half-naked women on the front page, the cover was decorated with a black-and-white photograph of a man.

But perhaps the most unexpected aspect of the cover was not so much that the man was fully dressed—though in a pile of dirty magazines that certainly was unusual—but rather that the man, who was staring directly at the camera while he toyed with the top button of his shirt, was in fact *Tintin himself*. A Tintin who looked at least twenty years younger than the one muttering to himself a little ways away in the shop, but Tintin nonetheless. Below the photograph, a large headline in bold letters confirmed it, proclaiming *TINTIN REVEALS ALL*.

Haddock closed his mouth, which had fallen open, and glanced at his companion. Tintin was still sifting through his pile of documents with a frown, distractedly pausing from time to time to push his glasses up on his nose. Even with the moustache and glasses he wore nowadays, there could be no doubt that they were the same man.

A sudden thought occurred to him, and he grinned. Why not tease Tintin a little? With the suggestive cover photo—it could look suggestive, Haddock thought, if you looked at it with the right intentions—and the even more suggestive headline, it was the perfect opportunity to poke fun at Tintin's tightlippedness about his past. Maybe it would finally convince him to tell Haddock more about his life before they met.

He turned to his companion, and with his most innocent look, casually commented, "So Monsieur Tintin…"

Tintin immediately stiffened and shot him a distrustful look. He'd learnt to be suspicious whenever Haddock called him that, but that wasn't going to deter Haddock.

"I didn't know you'd had other careers prior to journalism."

Tintin raised an eyebrow before turning back to the task at hand. “What are you talking about?”

“Just this magazine that I found here. *Tintin reveals all*, eh? Reveals what, I wonder?”

Tintin’s head snapped back up, his face reddening as he spotted the magazine in Haddock’s hand. Haddock wiggled his eyebrows suggestively, unable to keep a grin off his face as Tintin began to sputter.

“That’s… that’s not… Where did you even find that?” Tintin was standing very still, but Haddock could see his fingers twitching with the desire to rip the magazine out of his hands. Oh, this was interesting. Suddenly, Haddock wanted to know what the contents of the magazine were.

“This? Oh, it was just here,” he gestured at the magazine pile and paused for dramatic effect, knowing fully well how Tintin was going to react, “with all the dirty magazines.”

Tintin made a strangled sound and turned even redder at that. He took a step towards Haddock, who fought the urge to burst out laughing long enough to gasp, “I never would have expected you to engage in such scandalous activities, Monsieur Tintin.”

“Give it to me.” Tintin’s voice was low.

“No.”

“*Haddock*.”

“Come and get it then.”

Tintin lunged, as always moving quicker than one would expect from a man in his mid-forties. But Haddock was prepared and moved the magazine out of his reach before he could grab hold of it. He was a good head taller than Tintin, and it was easy to keep it away from him by simply raising his hand over his head.

Tintin growled and grabbed Haddock’s arm with one hand, trying to pull it down. Haddock looked down at him with a teasing smile and was suddenly all too aware that they were standing almost chest to chest, and that Tintin, standing on the tip of his toes, was tall enough that Haddock would barely have to lean down to kiss him. The thought itself nearly made him lose his balance.

“Haddock,” Tintin snapped, apparently unaware of the mental images plaguing Haddock’s mind at that moment. “Give it to me. It’s not what you think.”

Haddock tried to refocus on the situation at hand. He was supposed to be teasing Tintin, not getting lost in daydreams about kissing him! “If it’s not what I think, then what’s got you in that state? Can I see what’s in it?”

“Absolutely *not*. I will be taking this up with the owner. Storing that with the pornographic magazines, really…!”

Haddock was going to argue that they weren’t technically pornographic, actually, but before he could get a word in, Tintin abruptly tightened his grip on his arm and jumped. Haddock pulled his hand back and realized belatedly that Tintin had anticipated his move and had angled his jump to reach it. Unfortunately, he miscalculated and instead crashed into Haddock, who tumbled backwards, sending them both to the ground in a tangle of limbs.

Haddock's first thought was that he’d landed on something hard, maybe a book, that would likely leave a bruise on his lower back.

His second thought was that Tintin was heavier than he looked and—

Thundering typhoons! Tintin was *on top* of him, he realized, and was staring right at him with a look of surprise, his mouth open in a perfect *o*. Their noses were almost touching, and from this distance, Haddock could see the little flecks of gold in Tintin's brown eyes and the light dusting of freckles across his cheeks. His glasses had slid down in the fall and were hanging precariously on the tip of his nose, and Haddock was seized with the sudden urge to push them back up. A little more, he thought, and they might have kissed. A shiver ran up his spine at the thought, and he immediately became aware of his free arm being wrapped around Tintin's waist, pinning him against his chest. He hurriedly dropped it, hoping Tintin wouldn’t comment on it. Ever since Haddock had realized he had feelings for him, he found himself trying to keep his distance from Tintin, terrified his body might betray him if he let himself get too close. Already, he could feel his cheeks flooding with colour and his heart pounding as if trying to break free from his chest. It would be a miracle if Tintin couldn’t feel it. He prayed the layers of clothing between them were thick enough to dull it. If Tintin ever found out about his little infatuation, well, Haddock would just *die* from embarrassment.

Thankfully, Tintin said nothing. As soon as he could move again, he rolled off of him and sat up, pushing his glasses back to their place. He turned to Haddock with an apologetic look in his eyes.

“I’m sorry, my boy, I didn’t mean to knock you over. Are you hurt?”

He looked adorable when he was worried, Haddock thought. There was a flush on his face, probably from their earlier bickering, and Haddock desperately wished he could have been the reason Tintin was blushing. Wouldn’t it have been nice if the fall and their subsequent closeness had flustered Tintin as much as it had him?

“Haddock?” Tintin asked again when Haddock failed to respond. He leaned in. “Please tell me you didn’t hit your head.”

There was real concern in his voice and Haddock shook his head dazedly, trying to chase away visions of reciprocated affection. “No, no, I’m fine.”

He sat up under Tintin’s watchful eye, and suddenly remembered the magazine. Tintin was momentarily distracted, but it wouldn’t be long before he tried to get hold of it again. Haddock needed a distraction—fast. He looked around desperately, wondering how he’d be able to divert Tintin’s attention long enough to hide the magazine from him when his eyes fell on a small notebook tucked in the bottom shelf of an overflowing bookcase. It was bound in blue leather and Haddock could just make out the letters “K.M.R.” shining dully on the spine. *Yes!*

“Tintin! There! The notebook!”

Tintin, who'd been about to say something else, turned around and followed Haddock’s pointed finger. “Great snakes! You’re right!” Without another word, he bounded across the store and crouched down to pull it out.

Haddock slipped the magazine in his jacket and got up, rubbing his sore back, before joining him. Tintin was thumbing through the pages with a frown of concentration. Then he slammed it shut and looked at Haddock with shining eyes.

“This is it! I’m sure of it! We’re one step closer to finding that stolen treasure now. Come on!”

Haddock had never been so grateful for Tintin’s one-track mind.

Back at Marlinspike, Tintin immediately set about deciphering the instructions in the notebook. But it was a slow process, made difficult by the author’s poor penmanship

and their use of a cipher to encode the text, and it soon became clear it wasn't going to be something that would be solved in a couple of hours.

Haddock found he didn't mind terribly. In fact, it provided him a much needed respite from their adventures. With Tintin spending his days in the library trying to figure out their next step, he didn't have to worry about being dragged into danger at the drop of a hat. Better yet, it gave him complete freedom to do whatever he wanted without worrying about Tintin interrupting him.

Like reading the magazine.

He'd read it cover to cover on the first night. In truth, the section on Tintin was only about fifteen pages long. Despite his comment to Tintin when he'd first come across it, he hadn't actually believed there would be any lewd content in it. The magazine looked much too serious for that kind of content, and anyways, even he knew Tintin would have never agreed to appear in a publication of that type, no matter the circumstances. He probably had never even looked at one before. No, he had been sure from the start that the contents of the magazine would be entirely innocent, though he couldn't explain Tintin's sudden fierceness in attempting to prevent him from reading it. Did he really not want Haddock to know about his past that badly? Haddock only knew that Tintin had become a journalist at a young age and had become quite renowned following a couple of high profile reports. But Tintin had always refused to elaborate further, no matter how much Haddock prodded. Could there be something more to Tintin than he let on?

The article in the magazine certainly presented a much different version of Tintin than the one Haddock was accustomed to. Younger Tintin had been cockier and more reckless than his middle-aged counterpart. Some of his exploits were thrilling, others hair-raising, and Tintin's comments in the article betrayed a self-assuredness that bordered on arrogance. It was as if he believed himself to be invincible. Haddock found it fascinating. The Tintin he knew was cautious—as cautious as someone who regularly chased dangerous criminals could be, anyways—and didn't have an arrogant bone in his body. And while it was partly this level-headedness that had made Haddock fall head over heels for Tintin—there was just something profoundly sexy in the way Tintin kept his calm and assumed control in almost every situation—a part of him wished he could have met this younger version. Maybe without the age gap and Tintin's infuriating desire to do what was right all the time, he might have had a better chance with him. Maybe a younger, more reckless Tintin would have seen a possible relationship between them as an adventure. Maybe he might have even taken the first step, instead of maintaining a frustrating distance between them like he did now.

But still, while it was a bit shocking to discover this other side of Tintin, there was nothing in the article that could convincingly explain his reaction, unless he was truly that ashamed of his younger self's attitude.

And then Haddock had noticed the photographs.

He'd been so intrigued about the article that in his first read, he'd completely ignored them. But as he flipped through the pages again, he immediately realized that it was the photos that Tintin hadn't wanted him to see. Really, he should have imagined it. He'd never seen Tintin look so cocky, so… *indecent* as he did on the cover photo, and he had to admit it was an attractive look on him. He pictured Tintin as he knew him now, with the glasses and moustache and barely-there crows-feet at the corner of his eyes, giving him a look like that, like he knew exactly how attractive he was, how attractive Haddock found him, and he felt his stomach clench with desire.

Most of the other photos were somewhat risqué as well, even though Tintin was fully clothed in them. Some appeared to have been taken during his travels, but there were a few that had clearly been taken in a studio for the magazine. The article having been written upon his return from a trip to South America, the studio photos had all been staged to look like they had been taken in a tropical setting. And as a result, Tintin appeared with his shirtsleeves rolled up to his elbows and his arms crossed in a way that highlighted the muscles that were usually hidden under layers of clothing, or wearing a shirt that was open almost to his navel, revealing a dusting of pale hair on his chest and the barest hint of a dusky nipple peeking at him from the edge of the shirt. Whether the photographer had intentionally been trying to be suggestive, or merely trying to convey the heat of a tropical climate was unclear, but in any case, Tintin appeared wearing substantially less clothing than Haddock was accustomed to seeing him wear. Not that he was complaining.

And then there was the photo on the last page.

He wouldn't be needing the other magazines he'd stashed under his bed ever again, he'd thought.

It wasn't obscene, far from it, but it certainly was *scandalous*. Tintin was standing amid some tall leafy plants, staring directly into the camera with a seductive half smile. But what made Haddock do a double take wasn't his expression—though the idea of Tintin looking at him like that was more than a little thrilling, to say the least—but rather, his outfit. Tintin was standing entirely bare-chested, with one hand on his hip and the other reaching out to one of the plants. It was the most skin he'd ever seen from Tintin.

It was that photograph that kept him sneaking back into his room at all hours of the day while Tintin was working in the library. It was what was on his mind now, as he closed the door to his room and threw himself on the bed. He dug out the magazine from its hiding spot and flipped to the dog-eared page, eyes roving across Tintin's naked chest.

He raised a hand to trace over Tintin's abs in the photo. Who would've guessed that he was hiding *that* under his argyle sweaters and tweed jackets? Then there was the silvery scar on his ribs that was barely visible in the photo. Haddock caressed it with his finger. How many scars was he hiding under his clothes, he wondered? How many more would he have now compared to back then? His eyes slid to Tintin's hips. He was wearing the old-fashioned plus-fours Tintin used to wear in his youth before adopting the more modern suit that he wore now, and he wondered if he had any scars hiding beneath there too. He immediately felt himself growing hot as he pictured what Tintin would look like without the plus-fours in the way. He was getting hard too, and he glanced at the door guiltily. Surely no one would know if… Tintin was busy, after all, and he wasn't usually the type to barge in unannounced. And if he used the magazine to… well, no one would have to know.

Tintin's gaze on the photo appeared to be egging him on, his eyebrows quirked in what looked like a challenge. He closed his eyes and imagined what Tintin would look like now, still as athletic, but with the softer features lent to him by age. He tried to picture how it would feel to run his hands up Tintin's chest and how Tintin would touch him if he were there. He would probably be bossy, he thought, and insist on taking the lead, like he did in everyday life. It was an appealing prospect. He wondered if Tintin would be the type to tease him in bed. He occasionally poked fun at him when they were together, questioning his fashion choices or his decision to grow his hair out, always with a little smile that showed he didn't really mean it, and *thundering typhoons*, it was sexy. Everything Tintin did was sexy.

Distantly, he heard the sound of footsteps running in the hall downstairs. Tintin was probably chasing Snowy, he thought distractedly before returning to the task at hand.

Breathing shallowly, he undid the fastening on his pants and tugged them down past his hips. He slid one hand over his clothed erection, shivering at the sensation, and fingered the elastic of his shorts. Where was he? Ah, yes. Everything Tintin did was sexy—

A door slammed open with a bang, startling him out of his fantasy. It took him a moment to realize it had been *his* door.

"Haddock! I've got it! I know where—"

Haddock opened his eyes, horrified. Tintin was standing by the door, his hair in disarray and eyes shining behind his glasses. He had a triumphant smile on his lips that was slowly turning into a frown of confusion as he took in the scene before him.

“H-Haddock?”

“It’s not what it looks like!” Haddock shrieked, desperately trying to pull his pants back on. He felt something thump below him; the magazine, which had been lying on the bed next to his hand, had fallen to the floor as Haddock shifted, and was lying open to the page of the shirtless photo… *in Tintin’s direct line of sight*.

Haddock watched in horror as Tintin looked down at the magazine. His eyebrows shot up and his cheeks coloured in a way that Haddock would have normally found adorable, but was now too mortified to notice. Then he looked back up to Haddock, eyes pausing momentarily on the telltale bulge in his underwear, and Haddock covered his burning face with his hands. There was simply no way he’d ever be able to look at Tintin in the eyes again.

He heard Tintin take a deep breath. Haddock braced himself, but did not move to uncover his eyes. Who knew how Tintin would react to the scene before him? Would he ask him to leave? Tell him how disgusting and pathetic he thought he was? The silence was unbearable.

“I, uh… Get dressed, Haddock. I know where the treasure is,” he finally said with only the barest hesitation. “We leave in fifteen minutes.”

Haddock didn’t move until he heard the door click shut. He peeked through his fingers and saw that he was alone. He ran a hand through his hair with a groan. He couldn’t face Tintin. All he wanted was to bury himself under his covers for the rest of his life and pretend the last five minutes hadn’t happened. But he knew that if he wasn’t by the front door in fifteen minutes, Tintin would likely just come back, and that would be worse, because then they would probably have to *talk about it*. At least now, Tintin seemed content with letting it be. So he dragged himself out of bed with a sigh and headed for the door, dread filling his heart. What would Tintin think of him now?

Tintin was waiting for Haddock by the stairs, not quite smiling, and not quite meeting his eyes, but not looking particularly upset either. There was still a faint dusting of pink on his cheeks that deepened when he caught sight of Haddock. It was from the embarrassment, no doubt, of discovering that his best friend had sexual fantasies about him, Haddock thought miserably.

As soon as he reached the bottom of the stairs, Tintin turned and headed to the door. And was it Haddock's imagination or was he walking a little stiffly?

Haddock considered him cautiously as they drove away from Marlinspike. Tintin was quiet, quieter than usual, and Haddock couldn't figure out if that was good or bad. His face was impassive as he turned on to the main road leading past the village, but his hands were crisped on the wheel, betraying a certain unease. It would have almost been a relief if Tintin had said something; at least then he'd know what he was thinking. But Tintin remained stubbornly silent.

Was he waiting for Haddock to bring it up first? He hoped not; he had no idea how to even broach the topic, and truth be told, the idea made him feel rather panicky. Not only was it embarrassing, but what if he had inadvertently ruined their friendship and doomed them to an eternity of awkward silences—assuming Tintin didn't just decide to move out to get away from him? Haddock cursed himself for buying the magazine. What a fool he'd been! When would he ever learn to leave well enough alone?

He had to say *something*, though. He couldn't bear the silence any longer. It made his thoughts too loud, and he didn't particularly want to hear them at the moment, not when they were suggesting that Tintin hated him for what had happened. He desperately needed to focus on something else.

"So… where is the treasure?" he asked finally.

Tintin kept his eyes on the road. "The notebook talks about a lighthouse with a code engraved in its walls. We find the code, we find the secret entrance to the cache."

"And you know which lighthouse we need to go to?"

"I do. Everything was laid out in the notebook. Really, I'm surprised no one's found it yet. The notebook's code was surprisingly simple to crack once I figured out what encoding system the thief was using."

He went on, explaining his code-breaking process in an even voice, and despite himself, Haddock began to relax. Maybe he was worrying over nothing. Tintin would likely not hold it against him. After all, he'd forgiven him for far more serious actions in the past (his drunken escapade aboard the rocket that took them to the moon flashed before his eyes, and he cringed internally). He offered Tintin a tentative smile. Tintin responded in kind and turned on the radio to Haddock's favourite station as they drove to the coast.

Tintin didn't bring up the *incident* (as Haddock had taken to calling it) for the remainder of the case, nor did he bring it up when they returned to Marlinspike after restoring the stolen contents of the cache to their rightful owners. After a week of silence on the topic, Haddock finally let himself relax for good. Everything was back to normal, and Haddock intended to keep it that way.

There was only one thing that bothered him: the magazine had been nowhere to be found when they'd returned home. It wasn't where he'd left it on the floor, nor on his bed or desk. And it wasn't in the box with his other magazines under his bed. It was as if it had vanished. He wondered if it had been Nestor who had taken it when cleaning his room. Surely it couldn't have been Tintin, who had been by his side the whole time. But the idea of asking the butler about it was too embarrassing to contemplate, so he gave it up for lost. It was probably for the best anyways. So he tried to put it out of his mind and focused on getting back into his usual post-adventure routine: playing with Snowy and lazing around the chateau with a book in hand or a record playing in the background.

Which was why it was such a shock when, a week later, as Haddock dozed in the library, Tintin suddenly dropped the magazine on his lap.

"We need to talk."

Haddock stared at it, feeling his face heat up. "W-what? Where…?" He paused, feeling scrutinized by Tintin's stern look. He finally asked weakly, "Do we *have* to?"

Tintin ignored the question. "You got the magazine," he said instead. "Against my wishes. Why?"

He felt like a child being scolded. Tintin didn't sound angry, but there was a twinkle in his eye that he couldn't decipher and, blistering barnacles! That was almost more stressful than if Tintin yelled at him.

"Well?"

"I, uh, I…" Haddock looked away, embarrassed. "I was just… curious. You never talk about your past and I… well, I just wanted to know a bit more."

“Hm.” Tintin had taken a step closer and was standing mere inches from where Haddock was sitting. He still had the peculiar look in his eyes. “And what did you think of the photo?”

“The, uh… the photo?” Haddock gulped. If he hadn’t been blushing before, he certainly was now.

“The shirtless photo,” Tintin said calmly, as if there was nothing embarrassing about it. “I want to know your opinion.”

“I…It was… fine, I guess.” It haunted his every waking moment, actually. Even after everything that had happened, Haddock couldn’t stop thinking about it and how much he wanted to see Tintin shirtless in person.

“Just fine?” There was a dangerous edge to Tintin’s voice now. “It looked to me like you thought it was more than ‘fine’ the other day…”

Haddock wanted to die. Right now. He wanted the ground to open up and swallow him. Tintin hadn't forgotten the incident after all. Tintin had in fact *given it some thought*, clearly, if he was confronting him about it two weeks after it had occurred. Haddock didn't know how to feel about that. And how was he even supposed to respond to that, anyways?

Tintin, however, did not seem to be expecting an answer. He had a look of satisfaction on his face now, like he did whenever he was proven to be right about something. As if something about Haddock's response had confirmed his suspicions. Before Haddock could begin to process what was happening, Tintin had placed a hand on each side of him, effectively trapping him on the couch, and brushed his lips against his ear.

“Next time, you could just ask if you want to look,” he whispered.

Haddock felt as if the air had been punched out of his lungs and he let out a strangled noise at the mental image. He turned to look at Tintin, unable to form a coherent reply as his brain struggled to process what he had just heard.

Tintin smirked, and without warning leaned forward and captured his lips in a kiss.

Haddock wondered if he could get a heart attack from being kissed. His heart was racing, and his whole body tingled from the overwhelming feeling of Tintin’s lips moving against his. He felt Tintin’s hands snake to the back of his head and his fingers thread themselves in his hair, and he moaned. Haddock could only cling to the couch and hope

he wouldn't explode from the sensation. Then Tintin's hot tongue slipped into his mouth, exploring every corner with his usual conscientiousness. He whimpered. He wanted more. He clumsily grabbed at his sweater to pull him onto his lap and Tintin *growled*. Suddenly, he was being pushed flat on his back and Tintin was climbing on top of him—*on top of him!*—and he still hadn't broken the kiss. He could feel Tintin getting hard against his leg and he involuntarily bucked his hips.

And then, as quickly as it had begun, it was over. Tintin pulled away, panting softly and grinning devilishly. When Haddock surged forward to try to kiss him again, he pressed him back against the couch and quickly glanced at the door. Haddock whined.

"Not here."

Tintin climbed off him, adjusting the collar of his shirt, and stepped towards the door. Haddock couldn't do anything but watch him, transfixed, his mind still replaying the kiss. Tintin had kissed him. Tintin had *kissed* him! And it had been better, hotter than he could have ever imagined. But what was more, Tintin had very clearly suggested that he was open to Haddock looking at him shirtless. Looking… and maybe doing more. Oh, this would keep him up for the following nights, he was sure of it. That damned old man, he thought. He knew exactly what he was doing. There was no way Haddock would ever have a moment of peace ever again, not now that he knew Tintin felt the same way he did. Not when he couldn't stop thinking about what he wanted Tintin to do to him.

Tintin let out an amused huff from the doorway, pulling Haddock from his thoughts. "Well? Are you coming?" When Haddock failed to reply, he shrugged and turned to leave. "Up to you. But I'm not fucking you in the library, Haddock."

Wait, what? Haddock shot up from the couch with such enthusiasm that he tripped over the coffee table and crashed to the ground with a terrific noise.

He could hear Tintin laughing from the hall. "My, a little eager, aren't we?"

CONTRIBUTOR INFO:

NAME: FELIX
PRONOUNS: HE/THEY
SOCIAL: @SO.DIYUM

INTERVIEW QUESTIONS:

- HOW DID YOU BECOME A FAN OF TINTIN?

I PICKED UP RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE FROM MY FRIEND'S CUPBOARD A FEW YEARS BACK, AND I'VE BEEN OBSESSED EVER SINCE.

- WHO ARE YOUR FAVOURITE CHARACTERS FROM THE SERIES?

HADDOCK. HANDS DOWN. I LOVE THAT MAN SO MUCH I EVEN GOT HIM TATTOOED ON MY ARM...

- WHAT IS ONE OF THE MOST MEMORABLE MOMENTS IN THE SERIES FOR YOU?

IT'S GOTTA BE THE LEGENDARY BATTLE BETWEEN CAPTAIN HADDOCK AND A PIECE OF TAPE!

- WHAT MADE YOU SHIP HADDOTIN?

THE FANTASTIC FAN-ART THAT'S OUT THERE!

- WHAT DO YOU LIKE ABOUT THE CONCEPT OF AGESWAP?

I REALLY LIKE THE WAY IT ALLOWS FOR HADDOCK'S NAIVETY TO BE VISUALISED. HE'S SUDDENLY, QUITE LITERALLY A YOUNG MAN THAT FEELS HOPEFUL ABOUT THE WORLD BUT FINDS THAT ACTUALLY, THINGS AREN'T AS NICE AS THEY SEEM...

- IS THERE SOMETHING YOU WOULD LIKE TO SAY ABOUT YOUR WORK FOR THIS ZINE TO THE READERS?

IF YOU NEED ANYTHING ELSE LET ME KNOW!

the rather unfortunate
predicaments of

HADDOCK

Thrilling adventures you
absolutely do not want to miss!

CONTRIBUTOR INFO:

DIM IS THE OTHER MOD!

NAME: DIMDIAMOND/DIM
PRONOUNS: SHE/THEY
SOCIAL: @DIMDIAMOND ON TUMBLR, INSTAGRAM, TWITTER AND AO3

INTERVIEW QUESTIONS:

- HOW DID YOU BECOME A FAN OF TINTIN?

IN MY 20 SOMETHING I DISCOVERED THE CHARACTERS, GOT INTRIGUED TO WATCH THE 2011 MOVIE, THEN WATCHED THE CARTOON, AND THEN READ THE COMICS, AND THEN IT WAS TOO LATE TO GO BACK LOL.

- WHO ARE YOUR FAVOURITE CHARACTERS FROM THE SERIES?

OH, IT'S HARD TO CHOOSE! I'D SAY CHANG AND NESTOR ARE MY FAVOURITE FOR DIFFERENT REASONS. CHANG IS JUST SO FASCINATING WHILE NESTOR IS SOMEONE I CAN RELATE TO. HOWEVER, I LIKE ALMOST EVERY CHARACTER, ESPECIALLY SOME LESS POPULAR ONES, LIKE CHESTER.

- WHAT IS ONE OF THE MOST MEMORABLE MOMENTS IN THE SERIES FOR YOU?

THE MOMENT (MAYBE LESS POPULAR) IN THE PICAROS WHERE TINTIN REFUSES TO GO WITH HADDOCK. IT IS SO BIZARRE TO SEE TINTIN NOT GOING STRAIGHT TO DANGER AND ADVENTURE BUT IF YOU SIT TO THINK ABOUT IT FOR MORE THAN A MINUTE, YOU CAN SEE THAT IT MAKES SENSE IN TERMS OF HIS CHARACTER DEVELOPMENT AND WHAT THE SITUATION WAS ABOUT.

- WHAT MADE YOU SHIP HADDOTIN?

BESIDES HOW APPEALING THEY ARE TO ME AS A PAIR IN APPEARANCE, IT'S MOSTLY THE CANON MATERIAL ITSELF THAT MADE ME SHIP THEM ROMANTICALLY. THEIR DYNAMIC IS JUST ONE OF A KIND, THEIR BOND IS AMAZINGLY STRONG AND THEIR MOMENTS TOGETHER ALWAYS PROVE HOW MUCH THEY CARE FOR EACH OTHER AND HOW INSEPARABLE THEY ARE. THEY CONTRADICT AND COMPLETE EACH OTHER IN MORE THAN ONE WAY AND THIS IS EXTREMELY FASCINATING FOR ME TO EXPLORE.

- WHAT DO YOU LIKE ABOUT THE CONCEPT OF AGESWAP?

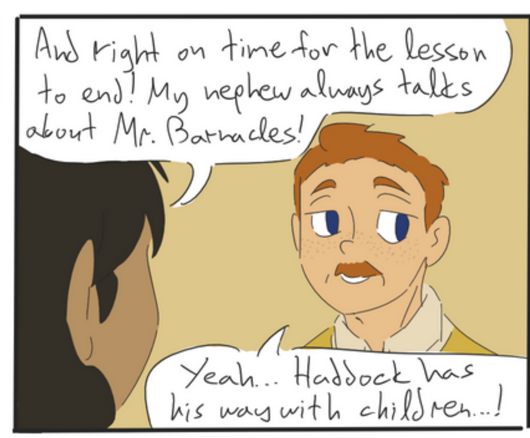
IT'S THE QUESTION OF HOW MUCH AGE AFFECTS OUR PERSONALITY AND BEHAVIOUR AND THEN OUR RELATIONSHIPS WITH OTHERS. TINTIN AND HADDOCK, ESPECIALLY, ARE SO TIED UP WITH THEIR AGES (TINTIN ETERNALLY YOUNG AND HADDOCK ETERNALLY OLD) THAT YOU START TO WONDER WHAT THE CORE OF THEIR CHARACTERS IS WITHOUT THE AGE FACTOR AND HOW THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN IN A DIFFERENT AGE. OF COURSE, OTHER THINGS MUST CHANGE TOO IN A CONCEPT LIKE THAT, LIKE THEIR BACKGROUND OR EVEN THEIR PROFESSION, BUT THAT MAKES THE CHALLENGE EVEN MORE INTRIGUING.

- IS THERE SOMETHING YOU WOULD LIKE TO SAY ABOUT YOUR WORK FOR THIS ZINE TO THE READERS?

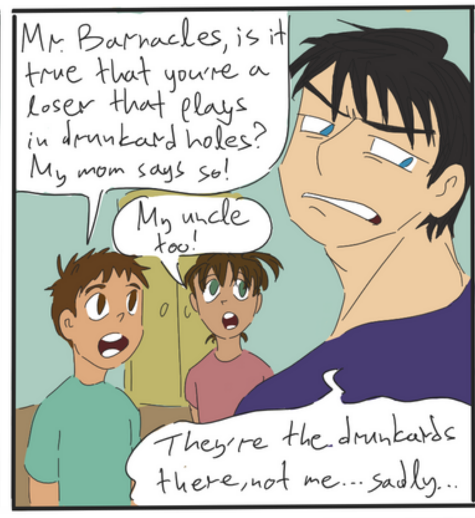
FIRST OF ALL, THANK YOU ALL FOR GIVING THIS ZINE A CHANCE, AND HOPE YOU ENJOY READING IT AS MUCH AS WE ALL ENJOYED WORKING ON IT! CONSIDER CHECKING OUT OTHER WORKS OF OUR TALENTED CONTRIBUTORS AND SHOW YOUR SUPPORT TO THEM! ABOUT MY COMIC FOR THIS ZINE: CASTAFIORE EMERALD IS ONE OF MY FAVOURITE STORIES AS IT IS THE ONE WITH THE MOST DOMESTIC MOMENTS WITH A GREAT CAST. I WANTED TO EXPLORE THE AGESWAP CONCEPT IN A SITUATION LIKE THAT SO I COULD FOCUS MORE ON THE CHARACTERS AND THEIR DYNAMICS INSTEAD OF A HEAVY PLOT CASE. I HOPE YOU FOUND THIS ATTEMPT INTERESTING ENOUGH AND GOT ONE OR TWO GOOD LAUGHS FROM IT (DRAWING HADDOCK'S EXPRESSIONS WAS INCREDIBLY FUN)!


So we have a deal Mis- I mean Tintin?

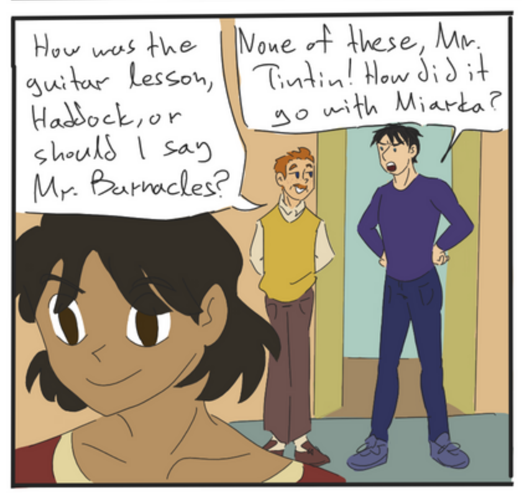

Absolutely, Miss Miarka! You would be a great asset in our paper and I'm looking forward to working with you!


And right on time for the lesson to end! My nephew always talks about Mr. Barnacles!
Yeah... Haddock has his way with children...!


BARNACLES! We play the guitar here, not the pets! Leave the poor souls alone!
They're younger than you!


Mr. Barnacles, is it true that you're a loser that plays in drunkard holes? My mom says so!
My uncle too!
They're the drunkards there, not me... sadly...


Thank you, Mr. Archibald!
OH! Miss Miarka! Mr. Tintin! You're done already!
As you are!


How was the guitar lesson, Haddock, or should I say Mr. Barnacles?
None of these, Mr. Tintin! How did it go with Miarka?

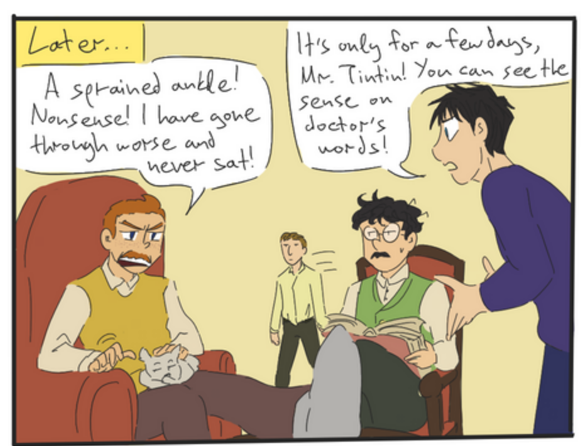

Very well! We'll proceed with the article about the discrimination against Romani in our days.
This will shake things up!


Haddock! Watch out! This is beyond clumsiness!


CLUMSY?! This little devil is responsible! If I get him in my hands!
NO! I didn't mean- Watch out for your step! You might fall-


AAAAA!


MR. TINTIN!!!







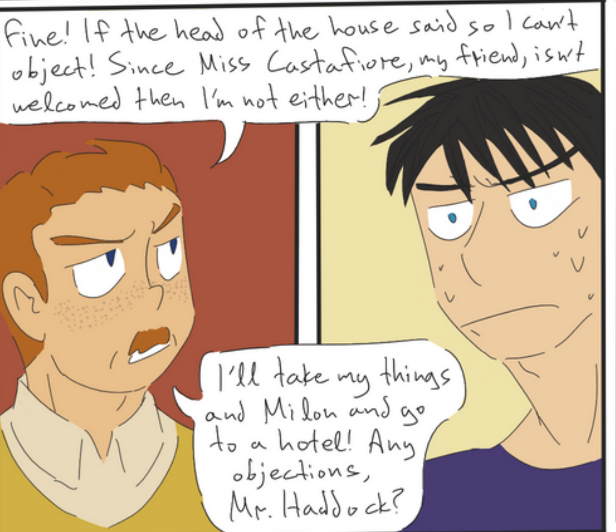






N-No! He's not sick! NO! HE'S NOT DYING! DON'T YOU EVER SAY THAT AGAIN! He just sprained his ankle! It happens to kids even! No, he just has to rest and not- WHAT?! STAY AND HELP?! No, there's no need- I-I know you care about him but so- Bianca?! She hung up...



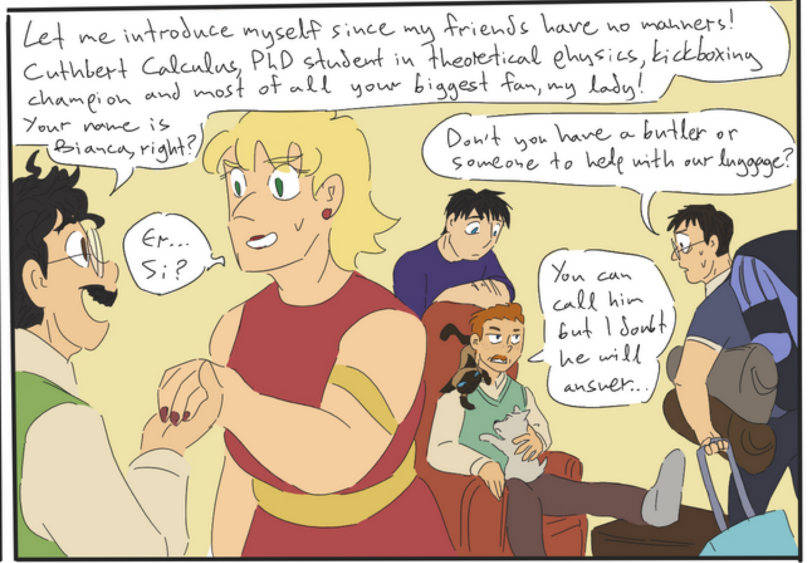
























Haddock, are you my friend?

Er... yes...?

Exactly! You aren't my nurse! And as my friend respect my privacy!





ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING TO ME, CUTHBERT?

Were you talking to me?

Why I even- NESTOR! WILL YOU DO SOMETHING USEFUL AND HELP?

It's my break...





Oh, come on, Danny! Don't be shy with me! Let's go! I need you!

WHAT FOR?! BIANCA! STOP PULLING MY T-SHIRT!



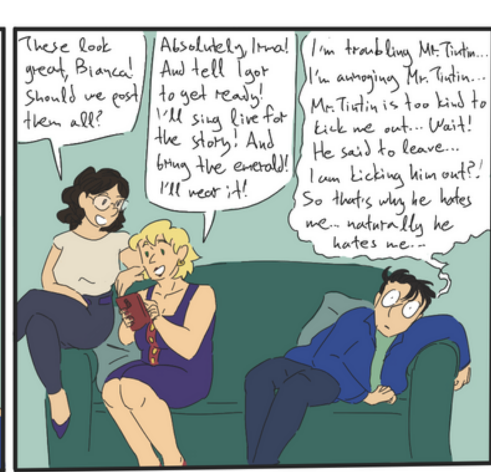





Will you ever learn to style yourself? Your hair is a mess!
Whatever! I help you so help me! Do you know why Mr. Tintin is acting weird lately?


Weird?! Tintin is the same kind gentleman as always! He chatted and seemed to be having fun in our time together! Closer, please! And when we went to the village-
YOU WENT TO THE VILLAGE?! WITHOUT TELLING ME?!


Oh, right! You two are glued to the hip! Did you guys fight? Tintin insisted on not telling you but he said he didn't want to trouble you! Like after all your trips together a little walk to the village would trouble you! Tintin is so silly! Smile!


These look great, Bianca! Should we post them all?
Absolutely, Irma! And tell Igor to get ready! I'll sing live for the story! And bring the emerald! I'll wear it!
I'm troubling Mr. Tintin... I'm annoying Mr. Tintin... Mr. Tintin is too kind to kick me out... Wait! He said to leave... I am kicking him out?! So that's why he hates me... naturally he hates me...


Next morning...
These roses are so beautiful and their perfume...! Is this your work, Nestor?
Thank you but you should ask Cuthbert. He made me help him with his species or whatever..


If he managed to make Nestor do such a magnificent work, then he deserves more than an award! Let's find Calculus, Milou!


Who is this man now? He doesn't seem like Calculus' friend or... This can't be for good...


Good morning! Can I help you, Sir?
You're Tintin, the editor in chief of Le Vantieme Siecle?
Yes...? And you're trespassing our house?
You called an exterminator?


Then you'll forgive me, Sir, as I am like you- I mean I wish I can be like you! I'm a reporter from Paris Click and the gardener told me-
Calculus isn't the gardener! You call that reportage?

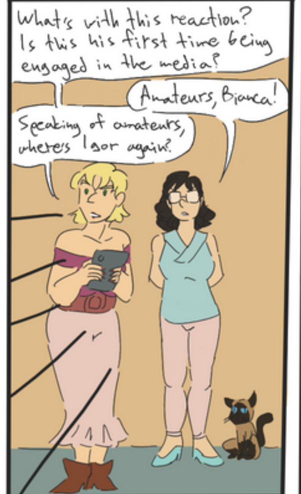

What a prick...
Well, my reportage isn't about whoever this man is but for your guest, Bianca Castafiore, the lyrical prodigy, and her host who happens to be the most elligible and rich bachelor of Belgium... for now...


ACHOO!
Aaa... Someone is talking about me!
Or allergies.


RANDY! TESORO! Did you see our success?! Look at your account too, not just mine!


Camera doesn't love you but my fans do! We should appear together more often, my lucky charm! Ten agents approached me al-


FIANCE?!


What's with this reaction? Is this his first time being engaged in the media?
Amateurs, Bianca!
Speaking of amateurs, where's Igor again?


MR. TINTIN! IT'S A LIE!


And here's Milanese Nightingale's fiance! Any comments, lucky man?


YES! OUTTA OUR HOUSE! YOU CHARLATTAN!
What are these manners?!
I'LL SHOW YOU MANNERS IF YOU DON'T DISAPPEAR NOW!


What about the rest of the exterminators?
REST?! THERE ARE MORE?!





















AAAAAAA!
Hey! Don't ignore my words, Archie!
Shut up! Someone screamed...
HUH?! WHO?
I would recognize this howl everywhere...













MR. TINTIN! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
ME?! I'm not the one you should be concerned about!
Don't worry! Milou is safe!
WHAT ABOUT YOU?

Oh, I'm fine... actually now I'm better than ever... Y-You know better than anyone I had worse falls...!
I can't argue with that! You have given me plenty of scares...
It's a good thing we have each other to catch from falling...
We're not that successful in this I'm afraid...

Who styled your hair...?
Oh... I know it looks stupid...
Never said that...
Anyway, it was Bianca...
I see...

BIANCASTAFIORE!

BIANCA! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
Miss Castafiore, what's wrong?
AAA...

MY EMERALD IS GONE!
Your what?

Later...
Your emerald is nowhere to be found?

It's clearly a classic case of theft!
It is?!
I'd say classically a clear case of theft!

Where were you two before the emerald was stolen?
You can't be serious...
We always are!
We were on a call with our friends!

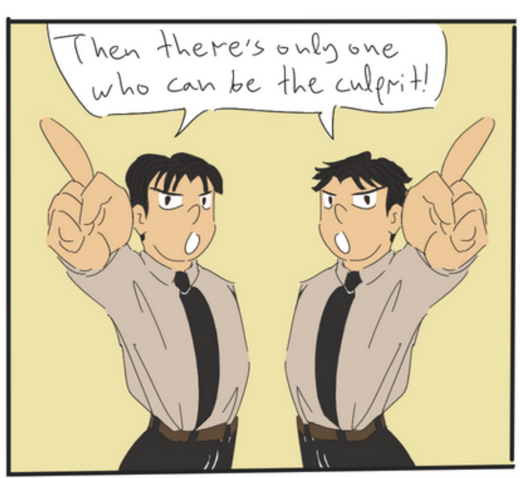
Can they verify it if we call them now?
...
We'll take it as a "no"?!

What about you, Calculus?
Cuthbert was with me enjoying my singing!
I'm sure he did?

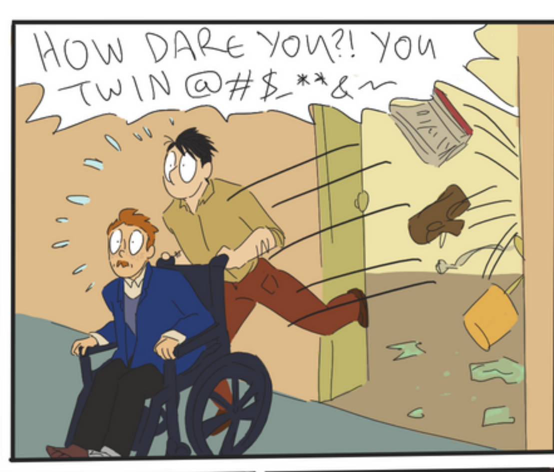
Then it must have been the butler!
It's so expected that it's unexpected!
Why bother?

Nestor has no reason to do such a thing! He's loyal even if it's bothersome!
Exactly! Nestor isn't the perfect butler but he is a good butler!

Where were you, Igor?
I-I was practicing! On the piano! Everyone could hear me!
Yes... indeed I heard you...


Then there's only one who can be the culprit!


IRMA, THE LOYAL RIGHT HAND!
Your jealousy drove you to this-


HOW DARE YOU?! YOU TWIN @#$_**&~


Next morning...
Something is fishy with Igor and I'm afraid I'll be proven right this time, Milou...


Mr. Tintin, what-
Quiet! I'm watching.
What-
Igor's routine.
Aaa... Can I-
Stop the questions already and come!


. . . . . .

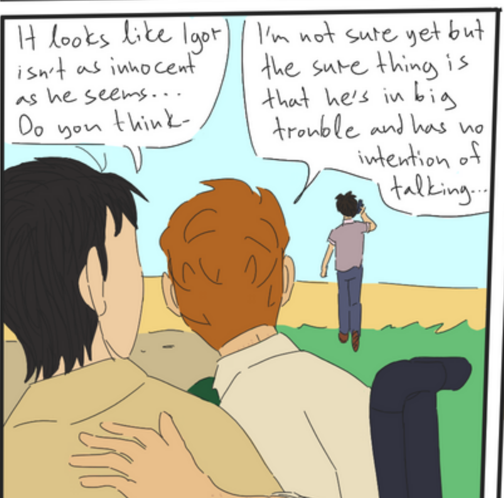

What is it?
Nothing!
You're smiling?
I am?! Huh..
Why?
I suppose because it's fun...?
Fun?


Yeah... it's always fun being with you, Mr. Tintin!
...You're serious..


Hey, I know I'm for laughs but I'm always serious with you! What must I do to make you see it?
A-Archi-


HADDOCK! DOWN!
Please, I can't-
Just give me more time-

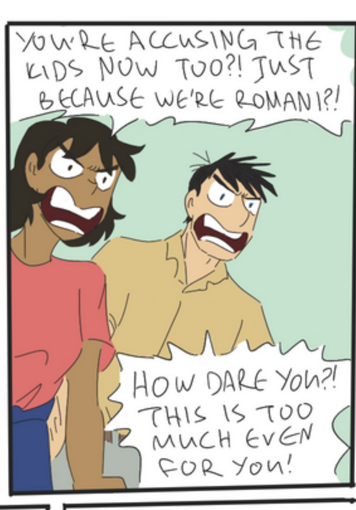

I-I'll give you the money but-
Yes, I'm coming! Wait!

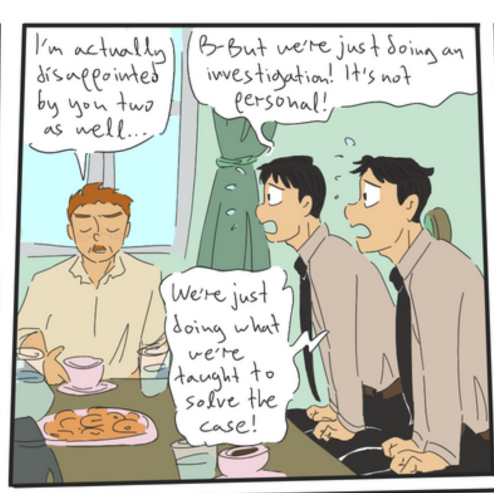

It looks like Igor isn't as innocent as he seems... Do you think-
I'm not sure yet but the sure thing is that he's in big trouble and has no intention of talking...


WAIT! THE TWIN DISASTERS ARE HERE AGAIN?!
And Miss Miarka too! This doesn't look good...

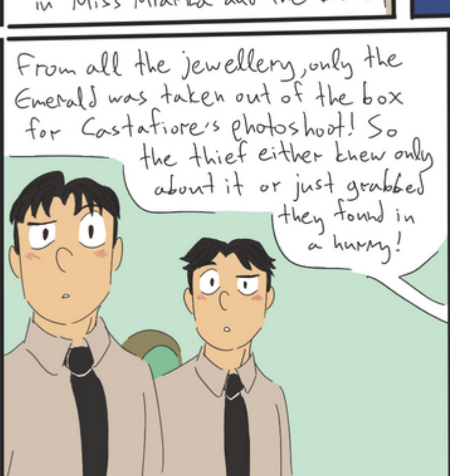

Later...
I DIDN'T STEAL ANYTHING!
HOW DARE YOU ACCUSE MIARKA?!
It's a police investigation! Everyone is a suspect!
Especially outsiders!

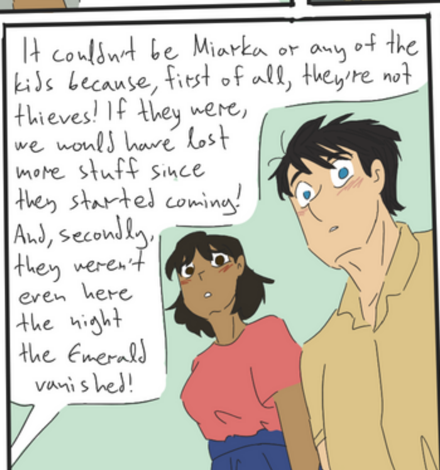

If we're talking about outsiders then what about the reporters I was chasing all day?
You didn't let them get inside, right?
Precisely! But you did let in Miss Miarka and the kids!


YOU'RE ACCUSING THE KIDS NOW TOO?! JUST BECAUSE WE'RE ROMANI?!
HOW DARE YOU?! THIS IS TOO MUCH EVEN FOR YOU!


I'm actually disappointed by you two as well...
B-But we're just doing an investigation! It's not personal!
We're just doing what we're taught to solve the case!


Then ask the right questions!
Why only the Emerald?


From all the jewellery, only the Emerald was taken out of the box for Castafiore's photoshoot! So the thief either knew only about it or just grabbed they found in a hurry!


It couldn't be Miarka or any of the kids because, first of all, they're not thieves! If they were, we would have lost more stuff since they started coming! And, secondly, they weren't even here the night the Emerald vanished!


Actually, we had more lost items!
WHAT?!
Random things, like Irma's scissors, Cuthbert's buttons...


Something doesn't add up... What's the connection between the items and Igor...
unless...


STEPS! Bianca said she heard noises from the attic! What if they were steps?!
You're right! You'll investigate the attic while I'll talk to Igor!

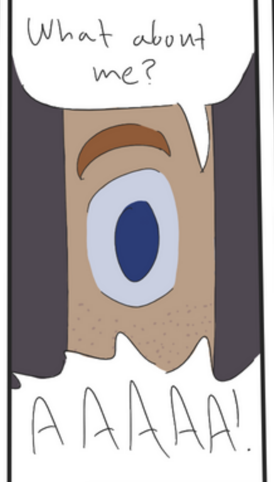

What about our reportage?
Isn't this our investigation, Thompson?
Of course it is, Thomson! But it's Tintin's too!
As always!


At night...
This is more boring than I thought...

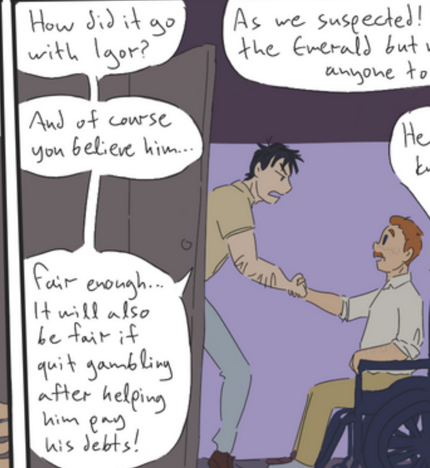

I can't believe I'm actually wishing for something dangerous to happen...
At least the wardrobe can hide me well deseite my size...


And if anything happens I can handle it! Better me than Mr. Tintin-




What about me?
AAAAA!


Oh, don't tell me you're scared!
M-Mister Tin-Tintin, you scared me!
Forgive me! Will you come out for me?


How did it go with Igor?
As we suspected! He didn't steal the Emerald but neither had anyone to do it for him!
And of course you believe him...
He cried on my knees, Haddock! Besides, if he wanted to steal, he could take a lesser jewel to get some time till he sold it!
Fair enough... It will also be fair if quit gambling after helping him pay his debts!


So you will help him despite your doubts?

Yeah... My doubts don't change the fact that he needs help... I can't turn my head the other way...

I wish you did that...

You mean turn the other way when someone needs help...
...or when you need help...?

I'll never be that selfish to tell you what to do with others...


YOU ARE SELFISH!

You want to carry the whole world's burden by yourself but have you considered how it makes ME feel?! Have you asked ME what I want?!

...Y-You never ask me... If you just asked me... But you know this and that's why... I know my love is too much but I can't help it! Please, don't push me away, Tintin...
...

AAAWWW! WHAT THE-
You were saying nonsense.
BUT-
Listen here for once!

As you said I'm selfish and I can't push you away...
But why?

Because I love you...

If someone's love is burdensome, that's mine-



Now you were the one saying nonsense...!
Archie...


Alright, I get it now... you want this...
Mhm...
...as much as I do...
I suppose we forget the investigation for tonight...

Unless you're more interested in the owl and the magpie that I saw than this...
Magpie...?!

ARCHIE! YOU'RE A GENIUS!

Let's go! I know where the Emerald is!

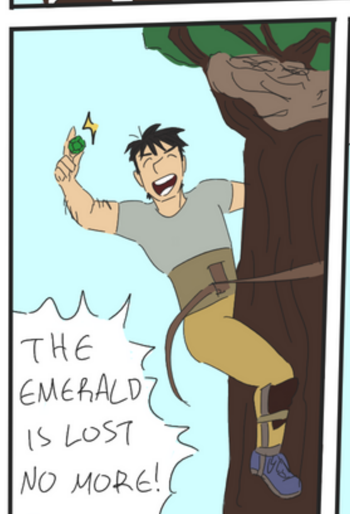
Help me find my climbing equipment!
YOUR WHAT?!
MR. TINTIN! WAIT!

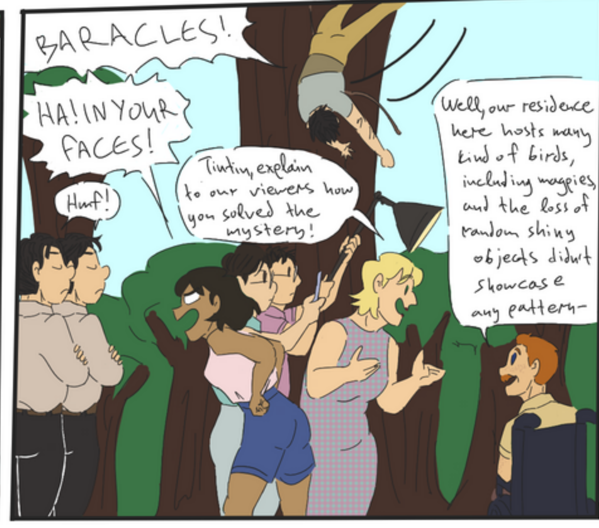
Next morning...
Do you have to do this to prove my innocence?!
We'll have to charge you with murder too...
Precisely!
ARCHIE! DO A FLIP!
PLEASE, CHARLIE, DON'T DIE!
Yes, Mr. Haddock will need the best surgeon from your clinic!

BLISTERING BARNACLES! ALL OF YOU SHUT UP!
NO! A FLIP! JUMP DOWN WITH A FLIP!

GO ON, HADDOCK! YOU'RE ALMOST THERE!
Almost there is the ground too!

HUH?! It is indeed almost here!

I FOUND IT!
WELL DONE, LAD!

THE EMERALD IS LOST NO MORE!

BLISTERING-

BARACLES!
HA! IN YOUR FACES!
Huf!
Tintin, explain to our viewers how you solved the mystery!
Well, our residence here hosts many kind of birds, including magpies, and the loss of random shiny objects didn't showcase any pattern-

HADDOCK?! WHAT- WHY DON'T YOU SAY ANYTHING?!
Didn't want to interrupt y'all's fun...
HANG ON! I'M COMING!
Take your time, won't you?!
This was better than a flip!
Cuthbert, I swear...


A week later...
You're in a good mood, aren't you?
How not to be?!

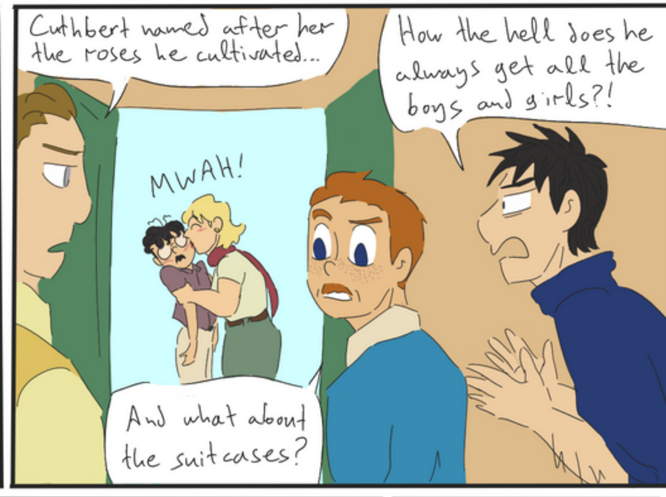

You don't have the plaster anymore...
I'm glad for that!
...and today is a big day!


BIANCA IS LEAVING!
Miarca's article is on the paper!


A... yes... Miarca's article...!


DIO MIO!
Oh, no... what now?!


This is the most beautiful thing anyone has done for me! Grazie!
?!


Cuthbert named after her the roses he cultivated...
How the hell does he always get all the boys and girls?!
MWAH!
And what about the suitcases?


Oh, I'm leaving for Milan too!
WHAT?!


The convention I'm attending is there and Bianca invited me to go with her! You two lovebirds can be as loud as you want now!
Can I go to Milan and you all couples stay here... please...


WAIT A MINUTE! SINCE WHEN CAN YOU HEAR?!
Even the deaf could hear us...


AMICI! LET ME KISS YOU!
STOOOP!
Should we film this...?
No way this is a sight for innocent people...


BYE!
CIAO! SEE YOU SOON!
NO! (H)
(T) Archie...


So, gentlemen, what are your great plans now?


I wonder too...
Whatever it is, I'm in... You?


As long as you are there...
The end.